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No. 4.—WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

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[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;*

OR,

BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

IX.

A CHARGE CONFIDED TO THE FURIOUS SEA.

The master of the bark, who was at the tiller, broke out into a laugh.—A bell! That's good. We are driving to larboard. What does this bell prove? That we have land on our right hand.

The firm and measured voice of the doctor answered:

—You have not got land a-starboard.

—But, yes! cried the master.

—No.

—But this bell sounds from ashore.

—This bell, said the doctor, sounds from the sea.

There was a shudder among these hardy men. The haggard faces of two women appeared in the square of the cabin-hatchway, like two evil spirits evoked. The doctor made a step, and his tall, dark form detached itself from the mast. They heard the bell tolling in the depth of the night.

The doctor resumed:

—There is in the middle of the sea, half-way between Portland and the Channel Islands, a buoy, placed there to give warning. This buoy is moored with chains to the bottom, and floats on a level with the water. On this buoy an iron trestle is fixed, and at its intersection a bell is hung. In heavy weather, the sea being shaken, shakes the buoy, and the bell rings. That bell is the one you hear.

The doctor let a very heavy gust sweep by, waited till the sound of the bell was heard over all, and continued:

—To hear this bell in a storm, when the whirlwind blows, is to be lost. Why? Observe: if you hear the sound of the bell, it is the wind that brings it to you. Now the wind comes from the west, and the breakers of Aurigny lie eastward. You can only hear the bell, because you are between the buoy and the breakers. It is on these breakers that the wind drives you. You are on the wrong side of the buoy. If you were on the right side, you would have ample sea-room, in a safe course, and you would not hear the bell. The wind would not bring you the sound. You would pass near the buoy, without knowing that it is there. We are out of our course. The bell—it is shipwreck sounding the tocsin. Now, make the best of it!

The bell, while the doctor was speaking, lowered in tone by a lull of the blasts, sounded slowly, stroke after stroke; and this intermittent tinkling seemed to be suggested by the old man's words. It might have been termed the death-bell of the deep. Breathless, they all listened; now to the voice, now to the bell.

X.

STORM IS THE GREAT SAVAGE.

NEVERTHELESS, the master had seized his speaking-trumpet:—*Cargate todo, hombres!* Let fly the sheets! Rowse in upon your down-haul! Lower away the ties and brails of your courses! Hug up to the west! Let's take more sea-room! Head for the buoy! Head for the bell! There's sea-room away there! All isn't over!

—Try it, said the doctor.

Let it be noted in passing, that this sounding-buoy, a sort of sea-bell, was suppressed in 1802. Very old sailors remember having heard it. It gave warning, but somewhat late.

The master's order was obeyed. The Languedocian made a third sailor. Every one helped. They did better than brailing; they furled. They tautened all the gaskets, they knotted the reef-points and bowlines; they put horse-irons on the stoops, which might thus serve as midship shrouds; they fished the mast; they nailed fast the port-lids, which is a way of walling-in the vessel. The manœuvre, although executed with the yards peaked, was none the less successful. The ork, in fact, was brought down to a complete state of readiness. But in proportion as the craft, making all snug, grew as it were smaller, the turning upside down of air and water increased upon her. The height of the danger attained almost polar dimensions.

The tempest, like an executioner who is hurried, took to quartering the vessel. There was, in the twinkling of an eye, a fearful wrenching of every thing, the topmasts blown out of the bolt-ropes, the bulwarks cut down, the chess-trees thrown out of joint, the shrouds tangled in a heap, the mast sprung, all the hubbub of disaster flying into pieces. The bigger ropes parted, although they had only four fathoms' clinch.

The magnetic tension, incidental to snow-storms, aided the parting of the cordage. It broke, as much from the effects of this, as from the wind. Chains were jerked out of their pulleys and of no more use. The bows forward, and the quarters aft, bent under the enormous pressure. One wave carried away the compass, with the binnacle. Another carried away the boat, slung like a portmanteau under the bowsprit, after the strange Asturian fashion. Another carried away the sprit-sail yard. Another carried away the image of Our Lady at the prow, together with the fire-cage.

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There remained the rudder only. The place of the extinguished signal-light was supplied by a torch made of flaming tow and lighted tar, which was hung from the rudder-post.

The mast, snapped in two, all bristling with quivering tatters, with cordage, with tacking-blocks, and with yards, encumbered the deck. In falling, it had smashed a portion of the starboard bulwark.

The master, still at the tiller, shouted out:—As long as we can steer, nothing is lost. The lower planking holds good. Axes! axes! Overboard with the mast! Clear the deck!

Crew and passengers were fevered by this supreme struggle. It was but an affair of some blows with the axe. They hove the mast over the side. The deck was cleared.

—Now, said the master, take a halyard and lash me to the tiller.

They bound him to the helm.

While they were fastening him, he laughed. He called out to the sea:

—Bellow away, old woman, bellow away! I've seen worse off Cape Machichaco.

And, when he was securely tied, he grasped the tiller with both hands, with that delicious joy that peril engenders.

—All goes well, comrades! Hurrah for Our Lady of Buglose! Let us steer for the west!

A colossal cross-wave came, and flung itself down upon the after-body. There is always in tempests a sort of tiger-wave, ferocious, and bringing all to an end, that reaches a certain point, crawls sometimes as though on its belly along the sea, then bounds, roars, gnashes its teeth, pounces on the ship in distress and tears it to pieces. An engulfment of foam covered all the poop of the *Matutina*; and in the midst of the water and the darkness was heard a rending asunder. When the foam was dissipated, when the stern reappeared, there was no more master, nor rudder.

All had been swept away.

The tiller and the man, that they had just bound together, had gone with the wave into the howling pell-mell of the tempest.

The chief of the band looked fixedly into the gloom, and exclaimed:

—*Te burlas de nosotros?*

To this cry of revolt succeeded another cry:

—Let us let go the anchor! Let us save the master!

They ran to the capstan. They let the anchor go. Orks have but one. This led only to the losing it. The bottom was living rocks, the swell maddening. The cable snapped like a hair.

The anchor rested at the bottom of the sea.

Of the cutwater, there remained only the angel figure-head looking through his spy-glass.

From this moment, the ork was no more than a waif. The *Matutina* was irredeemably crippled. The vessel, but a while ago, winged and almost terrible in her course, was now impotent. Not a bit of rigging that was not mutilated and out of gear. Unresisting and passive, she obeyed the weird furies of the waters. It is on the ocean alone that one sees, in some few minutes, an eagle transformed into a being paralyzed and helpless.

The breathing of space became more and more monstrous. The tempest is horrible in the way of lungs. It unceasingly aggravates the blackness that has no light and shade. The mid-sea bell rang furiously, as though shaken by a furious hand.

The *Matutina* drifted on at the mercy of the waves; a cork has similar undulations. She no longer sailed; she merely floated. She seemed ready, every instant, like a dead fish, to turn up her belly to the surface. That which saved her from total loss was the good condition of the hull, that was per-

fectly water-tight. Not a plank beneath the water-line had given way. There was neither crack nor crevice, nor a drop of water in the hold. Fortunately so, for the pump was damaged, and could not be of any use.

The ork danced hideously in the anguish of the waves. The deck had convulsions, as the diaphragm when it strains to vomit. One might have said that it strained to eject the doomed men. They, inert, clung to the standing-rigging, to the bulwarks, to the carlings, to the davits, to the gaskets, to broken places in the started planking, to the useless riders, the nails of which tore their hands, to all the miserable shreds of ruin. From time to time they listened. The sound of the bell grew more feeble. It might have been said that it, too, was in *extremis*. Its tolling was no more than an intermittent rattle. Then the rattle itself died away. Where were they, then, and how far from the buoy? The noise of the bell had scared them. Its silence terrified them. The nor-wester made them take a course perhaps irreparable. They felt themselves carried away by a frantic blast of breath. The wreck swept on rapidly in the blackness. Than a blind swiftness, nothing is more frightful. They felt the precipice before them, under them, above them. It was no more a course; it was a fall. Abruptly, amidst the tumult of the thickened snow, a red spot appeared.

—A light-house! cried the unhappy men.

XI.

THE CASKETS.

It was in fact the light-house on the Caskets. A light-house in the nineteenth century is a high cylindrical and bell-shaped work of masonry, surmounted by a lighting apparatus altogether scientific. That on the Caskets, at this day, is a triple white tower, and bearing three tiers of lights. These three fire-houses revolve and pivot on clock-work wheels with such precision, that the man on watch, who observes them from the offing, invariably takes ten steps in his walk on deck during the irradiation, and twenty-five during the eclipse. All is calculated in the focal plane, and in the rotation of the octagonal drum formed of eight broad simple lenses one over the other, and having, above and below, its two series of dioptric rings—algebraic gear guarded against gusts of wind or shocks of the sea by glass windows one millimetre in thickness, yet sometimes broken nevertheless by sea-eagles that throw themselves against it, great moths of these giant lanterns. The masonry that encloses, upholds, and serves as a setting for this mechanism is, like it, mathematical. All is sober, exact, unadorned, precise, correct. A light-house is a numeral figure.

In the seventeenth century, a light-house was a highly ornamental object on land beside the sea. The architecture of the tower was magnificent and extravagant. Upon it were lavished balconies, balustrades, little turrets, small lodges, alcoves, weathercocks. There was nothing but masks, statues, foliage, volutes, round bosses, figures and little figures, modillions, with inscriptions. *Paz in Bello*, said the Eddystone light-house. Let us look at it in passing. This declaration of peace did not always disarm the ocean. Winstanley repeated it on a light-house that he erected, at his own expense, on a wild spot before Plymouth. The building completed, he placed himself in it, for the purpose of trying it against a storm. The storm came, and carried off the light-house and Winstanley. For the rest, these exaggerated buildings offered on all sides a hold for the wind-gusts, as generals too much bedizened are apt to attract the bullets in battle. Besides their fantasies in stone, there were fantasies in copper, in wood; the iron-work made relief, the carpenter's work made projections. Everywhere, on the outside of the building, fastened to the wall among the arabesques, implements of all kinds figured abundantly, the useful and the useless, winches, tackling, pulleys, balance-weights, ladders, cranes for loading, grappling.

irons in case of accident. On the top, around the lighting-chamber, delicately wrought iron-work supported large chandeliers of iron, in which were junks of cable steeped in rosin, wicks that burned tenaciously, and that no wind could extinguish. And from top to bottom the tower was covered with maritime standards, with streamers, with banners, with flags, with pennons that mounted from staff to staff, from stage to stage, amalgamating all the colors, all the forms, all the blazons, all the signals, all these varieties, up to the radiated cage, and made in the storm a joyous flutter around the flaming centre. This effrontery of light on the very verge of destruction was as it were a defiance, and inspired shipwrecked mariners with audacity. But the Caskets Light-house was not of this fashion.

It was then a simple, old, and rude affair, such as Henry I. had caused to be constructed after the loss of the *Blanche Nef*—a burning pile under a trellis-work of iron on the crown of a rock. Live coal behind a grating, and a long-haired flame in the wind.

The only improvement made in this light-house since the twelfth century was a forge-bellows moved by a chain and hook with stone weights, which had been adjusted to the fire-cage in 1610.

The flight of sea-birds against these antique light-houses was more tragical than with those of our day. The birds flocked thither, attracted by the brilliance, threw themselves upon it, and fell into the brasier, where one might see them flutter, as it were, black spirits agonizing within their hell. Sometimes, too, they fell upon the rock outside of the reddened cage, smoking, limping, blinded, like flies half-burned by the flame of a lamp.

To a vessel under sail, well found, provided with all the appliances of gear, and manageable by the pilot, the Caskets' light is useful. It cries, "Take care!" it warns him of the rock. To a disabled ship it is simply terrible. The hull, paralyzed and inert, without means of resisting the insensate action of the water, without defence against the pressure of the wind, a fish without fins, a bird without wings, can but go whither the blasts may hurry her. The light-house indicates to her the supreme locality, signalizes the place for annihilation, throws a gleam upon the spot for swallowing up. It is the candle over the tomb.

There is no more tragic irony than this lighting-up the inexorable yawning, this warning against the inevitable.

XII.

HAND TO HAND WITH THE ROCKS.

THE poor wretches in distress on board the *Matutina* took in at once this mysterious derision, the supplement of shipwreck. The appearance of the light-house cheered them at first, then overwhelmed them. There was prayer to be uttered; nothing to be done. What has been said of kings may be said of the waves. We are their people; we are their prey. All that they rave, we undergo. The nor'wester drove the ork with the currents upon the Caskets. Thither went they; there was no refusal. They drifted rapidly upon the reef. They felt the bottom rising up toward them. The lead, if lead could have been used, would not have given them more than three or four fathoms. The poor men listened to the rumbling engulfment of the waves within the hollows of the deep rock below the surface. They could make out above the light-house, like a dark strip between two bands of granite, the narrow strait of the hideous, small, and savage haven, that they surmised as full of men's skeletons, and the carcasses of ships. It was a cavern's mouth, rather than the entrance of a port. They heard the crackling of the fire high above them in its iron cage; a haggard purple hue illuminated the storm; the meeting of the flame and the hail troubled the mist; the black cloud and the red smoke combated, serpent against serpent; a whirl of

embers flew upon the blast; the snow-flakes seemed to take to flight, before the rude attack of sparks. The breakers, indistinct at first, now outlined themselves clearly, a jumble of rock, with peaks and crests and vertebrae. Its angles modelled themselves in living lines of vermilion, and the declivities in bloody patches of light. As they came on, the contour of the rock grew larger, and rose higher in sinister relief.

One of the women, the Irish one, told off her beads distractedly.

In lack of the master, who was the pilot, there remained the chief, who was now captain. The Basques are all familiar with mountain and with sea. They are bold climbers, and inventive on occasions of catastrophe.

They came; they almost touched. All at once they were so close to the great north cliff of the Caskets, that suddenly it shut out the light-house. They could see it only, and the glare behind it. This rock, upright in the haze, resembled a tall woman in black with head-dress of fire.

This crag of evil omen is named the Biblet. It stands on the north, over against the rock, corresponding with another on the south, the Etacq-aux-Guilmetts.

The chief looked at the Biblet, and cried out:

—A willing hand here to carry a line to the breakers! Is there any one here that can swim?

There was no answer.

Not a soul on board knew how to swim, not even the sailors; a peculiarity, by the way, common enough among seafarers.

A carling, almost detached from its fellows, oscillated in the planking. The chief grappled it with both hands, and said:

—Help me here!

They detached the carling. It was at his disposition, to do what he would with it. From being defensive, it became offensive.

It was a beam sufficiently long, in solid oak. Sound and strong, fit for serving as an engine of attack, or a means of support, a lever against a heavy weight, a battering-ram against a tower.

—Stand by, cried the chief.

They ranged themselves, six in number, buttressed against the stump of the mast, holding the carling horizontally overboard, and straight as a lance toward the projecting part of the rock.

The manoeuvre was perilous. The idea of pushing against a mountain is audacity. The six men might be thrown into the water by the rebound.

These are the diversities of the struggle with a tempest. After the squall, the reef; after the wind, the granite. One has to deal, now with the unseizable, now with the immovable.

It was one of those minutes in which the hair turns white. The rock and the vessel were about to fall foul of each other.

A rock is passive. It awaited.

A wave broke in, disorderly. It put an end to the waiting. It took the ork underneath, lifted it up and balanced it for a moment, as the sling balances the projectile.

—Hold fast! shouted the chief. It is only a rock; we are men.

The beam was at poise. The six men were a part of it. The jagged pegs of the carling lacerated their arm-pits; but they did not feel it.

The wave threw the ork upon the rock.

The shock took place.

It took place under the shapeless cloud of foam, that always covers up these catastrophes.

When the cloud fell back into the sea, when between wave and rock the normal condition was restored, the six men were rolling on the deck, but the *Matutina* was flying along the length of the breaker. The beam had held firm, and forced a deviation. In a few seconds, the hurrying-on of the surges

being maddened, the Caskets were astern of the ork. The *Matutina* was, for the moment, out of immediate danger.

This does happen. It was the direct crash of his bowsprit against the cliff that saved Wood, of Largo, at the mouth of the Tay. In the rude latitudes of Cape Winterton, and under the command of Captain Hamilton, it was by manœuvring a similar lever against the redoubtable Brannodum rock that the *Royal Mary* escaped wreck, though she was but a frigate after Scottish model. The wave is a force so suddenly decomposed, that to divert it is easy, or at least possible, even in convulsions the most violent. There is something of the brute in the tempest. The hurricane is the bull, and he can be put off his cue.

Endeavoring to pass from the secant to the tangent—all the secret of escaping shipwreck lies therein.

This was the service that the carling had rendered to the ork. It had done the duty of an oar; it had held the place of a rudder. But this liberating manœuvre once performed, it could not be recommenced. The beam was gone. The violence of the collision had made it leap overboard from the grasp of the men, and it was lost in the waters. To unloosen another plank was to dislocate all the ribs.

The hurricane carried off the *Matutina*. All at once the Caskets appeared as a useless encumbrance on the horizon. Nothing has more the air of being put out of countenance, than a rock on the like occasion. There is in Nature, on the side of the unknown, there where the visible and the invisible are complicated, a fixed and soured aspect, as though indignant at a prey let go.

So looked the Caskets, while the *Matutina* fled away.

The light retreated, grew pale, grew white, and then went out.

This extinction was rueful. The thicknesses of the mist overlaid the flaming, now diffused. The rays of light were dilated in the immensity of moisture. The flame floated, struggled, buried itself, lost form. You might say that it was drowned. The brasier became a candle-end; it was no more than a trembling, vague and wan. All around, a circle of extravasated light grew larger. It was as though light were crushed out in the clutches of night.

The bell, which had been a threat, was silent; the light-house, which had been a threat, had vanished. Nevertheless, when these two menaces had disappeared, it was even more terrible. The one was a voice, the other a torch. They had something human in them. In their absence, remained the abyss.

XIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE NIGHT.

THE ork found itself in measureless obscurity.

The *Matutina*, escaped from the Caskets, went down from billow into billow. Respired, but engulfed. Driven crosswise by the wind, acted on by the thousand tractions of the water, she repelled all the maddened oscillations of the waves. She scarcely pitched any longer, fatal sign of a vessel's distress. Waifs can only roll. Pitching is the convulsion of the conflict. The helm can only act when the vessel is propelled.

In a tempest, and especially in a meteoric snow-storm, the sea and night conclude by merging and amalgamating, and by becoming one and the same exhalation. Mist, whirlwind, blast, gliding in every sense, no point of support, no place of mark, no breathing-spell, a perpetual recommencement, one opening after another, no horizon visible, profound recoiling—in all this the ork was wafted on.

Getting clear of the Caskets, eluding the rocks, this had been a victory for the poor mariners. But, above all, a stupefaction. They had given vent to no hurrahs; at sea, imprudences of this sort do not happen twice. To throw a provocation, where one could not throw a lead-line—this is serious.

To have repelled the rock was to have accomplished the im-

possible. They were astounded at it. By degrees, however, they began to hope. Such are the irrepressible loomings-up of the soul. No trial is there which, even at the most critical instant, does not see its gloom illuminated by the wonderful uprising of hope. These poor wretches asked no more than inwardly to avow that they were saved. They stammered it to themselves.

But a formidable object grew vast before them, all at once, in the night. To larboard, uprose, defined, and cut itself out of the background of mist, a lofty mass, opaque, vertical, right-angled, a tower standing square in the abyss.

They looked at it, open-mouthed.

The blast impelled them toward it.

They knew not what it was. It was the rock Ortach.

XIV.

ORTACH.

THE reef recommenced. After the Caskets, Ortach. The tempest is no artist; it is brutal and all-powerful, and does not vary its means.

Darkness is not to be exhausted. It is never at the end of its snares and its perfidies. Man, himself, quickly reaches the extremity of his resources. Man expends himself; the abyss does not.

The wretched men turned toward their chief, their hope. He could only shrug his shoulders, the sullen disdain of impotence.

The rock Ortach is a graved spot in the midst of the ocean. All of one piece, lifted above the opposing shock of the surges, it rises vertically eighty feet. Ships and the waves shiver themselves upon it. An immutable cape, it plunges perpendicularly its rectilinear sides into the countless and waving curves of the sea.

At night, it figures as an enormous headsman's block, posed upon the folds of vast black drapery. In a storm, it awaits the stroke of the axe, that is to say, of the thunder-clap.

But never is there clap of thunder in the whirlwind of snow. The ship, it is true, has a bandage over its eyes; all possible darkness is bound fast upon it. It is ready, as though for the executioner. As for the thunderbolt, which were a prompt ending—there is no room to hope for it.

The *Matutina*, being no more than a stranded object afloat, moved on toward this rock as she had moved on toward the other. The unfortunate ones, who for a moment believed themselves saved, reëntered into anguish. The wrecking which they had left behind them, reappeared before them. The rock rose up again from the bottom of the sea. Nothing was done.

The Caskets are honeycombed into a thousand compartments; the Ortach is a wall. To be wrecked upon the Caskets is to be cut in pieces; to be wrecked on the Ortach is to be ground small.

There was, however, one chance.

Upon these bold fronts—and the Ortach is a bold front—the wave has no more ricochet than a bullet would have. It is reduced to a simple game. It comes in a breaker, and returns a ground-swell.

In such cases, the question of life and death resolves itself into this: if the billow casts the vessel on the rock, she is broken up, she is lost; if the surf retreats before the vessel touches, it brings her back, she is saved.

Poignant anxiety. The victims saw in the haze the vast supreme wave approaching them. When would it near them! If it broke upon the vessel, they would be impelled upon the rock, and shattered to pieces. If it passed underneath the vessel...

The wave did pass underneath the vessel.

They breathed.

But what of its return? What would the swell make of them?

The swell bore them away.

Some minutes later, the *Matutina* was clear of the waters about the rock. The Ortach grew indistinct, as the Caskets had grown indistinct.

It was the second victory. For the second time, the ork had been on the very verge of wreck, and had recoiled in season.

XV.

GIGANTIC CAPRICES.

MEANWHILE a thickening of the mist had come down upon these hopeless ones adrift. They knew not where they were. They could scarcely see a few cables' length around the ork. Despite a veritable stoning by the hail which forced them all to hold down their heads, the women were determined not to go down again into the cabin. Never a wretch in despair, who did not prefer to be wrecked under the open sky. So near to death, a ceiling above one seems to be a foretaste of the coffin.

The swell became more and more short. This short swell indicates compression; in foggy weather certain rippings are signs of a strait. In fact, unknown to themselves, they were coasting along Aurigny. Between Ortach and the Caskets on the west, and Aurigny on the east, the sea is bound in and cramped, and a fretted state for the sea determines locally the conditions of the storm. The sea suffers, like any thing else; and then, where it suffers, it becomes irritated. This pass is held in terror.

The *Matutina* was in this pass.

Let any one imagine, below the water, a turtle-shell as large as Hyde Park or the Champs Elysées, of which each longitudinal mark is a hollow, and each embossment a reef. Such is the western approach of Aurigny. The sea covers over and hides this contrivance for shipwreck. Over this callapash of submarine breakers, the wave, broken into shivers, leaps and foams. In calm, a ripple; in storm, chaos.

The poor fellows noticed this new complication, without explaining it to themselves. Suddenly, they comprehended it. There was a partial lighting up at the zenith, and a slight pallor spread itself over the water; this lividness unmasked on the larboard hand a long bar running crosswise to the east; and toward this a furious gust of wind was driving, as it chased the vessel before it. This bar was Aurigny.

What was this bar? They trembled. They would have trembled far more, if a voice had answered them—Aurigny!

No island defended against the coming of man, like Aurigny. It has, above water and under water, a ferocious guard, whereof Aurigny is the sentinel. Toward the west, Barhou, Sauteriaux, Aufroque, Niangle, Fond-du-Croc, les Jumelles, la Grosse, la Olanque, les Equillons, le Vrac, la Fosse-Malière; toward the east, Sauquet, Hommeau Florean, la Brinebatais, la Quésalinque, Croquelibore, la Fousche, le Saut, Noire Pute, Coupie, Orbue. What are all these monsters? Hydras? Yes; of the rock species.

One of these reefs is called le But, as if to indicate that every voyage ends there.

This encumberment of rocks, simplified by the water and the night, appeared to the hapless men under the plain form of an obscure line, a black streak on the horizon.

Shipwreck is the ideal of impotence. To be near the land, and unable to reach it; to float, and to be unable to sail on; to have a foot on something that appears solid, and is fragile; to be full of life and full of death at the same instant; to be a prisoner in extended space; to be walled in between sea and sky; to have the infinite above one as a dungeon; to have around one the immense breakings-loose of gusts and of waves; and to be seized, garrotted, paralyzed—this weight of burden stupefies and makes indignant. You fancy that you recognize the sneers of some inaccessible combatant. That, which holds

you fast, is the very same that lets go the birds, and gives the fish their liberty. This seems nothing, and it is every thing. You are dependent on this air, that you can disturb by a breath; dependent on this water, that you can hold in the hollow of your hand. Draw from this tempest a glassful—it is but a small embittered draught. A mouthful—it is nausea; the billow—it is extermination. The grain of sand in the desert, the flake of foam in the ocean, are giddy manifestations. The all-power takes not the trouble to conceal its atoms; it makes feebleness force; it fills the nothingness with its all; and it is with the infinitely little that the infinitely great overwhelms you. It is with its drops that the ocean crunches you. You feel yourself a plaything.

A plaything; how terrible the term!

The *Matutina* was a little above Aurigny, which was in her favor; but she drifted toward the northern point, which was fatal. The wind, northwest, just as a bent bow lets fly an arrow, launched the craft toward the northern cape. There exists at this point, a little on this side of Havre de Corbelets, what the seamen of the Norman archipelago call a "singe."

The "singe"—*swinge*—is a current of the furious order. A chaplet of funnels in the shoals produces in the waves a chaplet of whirlpools. When one lets you go, another takes hold of you. A vessel, snapped up by the "singe," twirls about, therefore, in one spiral after another, until some sharp-pointed rock pierces her hull. Then, burst asunder, she stops; the stern rears itself out of the water; the bow plunges; the whirlpool completes its turn of the wheel; the stern drives downward, and all is closed again. A puddle of foam enlarges itself and floats, and one only sees upon the surface a few bubbles here and there, caused by stifled respirations beneath the water.

In the whole Channel, the three most dangerous "singes" are, the one that is near the famous sand-bank, Girdled Sands, the one that is at Jersey, between le Pignonnet and the point of Noirmont, and the "singe" of Aurigny.

A local pilot, had there been one on board the *Matutani*, would have made her crew aware of this new peril. In place of a pilot, they had instinct; in extreme situations there is a second-sight. Wreaths of foam were flying high along the coast, under the maddened pillaging of the wind. This was the spitting of the "singe." In this ambush many a ship has capsized. Without knowing what was there, they drew near with horror.

How double this cape! There was no expedient.

Just as they had seen the Caskets rise up, then Ortach rise up, at present they saw the point of Aurigny, all of high rock, stand before them. These were as giants, one following the other. A series of fearful duels.

Charybdis and Scylla are only two; the Caskets, Ortach, and Aurigny, are three.

The same phenomenon of the horizon invaded by rock reproduced itself with grandiose monotony. The battles of the ocean, like the battles of Homer, have their sublime repetition.

Each billow, as they drew near, added twenty cubits to the headland, frightfully amplified in the mist. The decrease of interval appeared more and more without remedy. They touched the skirts of the "singe." The first fold that seized them would drag them down. One more wave, and all would be ended.

All at once the ork was thrust astern, as though by a blow from a Titan's fist. The billow reared up beneath the vessel and turned upon itself, throwing back the waif in its crest of spume. The *Matutina*, under this impulsion, got clear of Aurigny.

The sport of agony, she found herself once more in the offing.

Whence came this help? From the wind.

The breath of the storm had changed its direction.

The water had been playing with them. Now it was the turn of the wind. They had disengaged themselves from the Caskets: before Ortach, the action of the sea had brought about

a revolution; before Aurigny, it was the north-wind. There had been a sudden shift from north to south.

The sou'wester had succeeded the nor'wester.

A current is the wind in the water; the wind is the current in the air. These two forces had come into contact, and the wind had the caprice to withdraw its prey from the current.

The abrupt movements of the ocean are inexplicable. They form a perpetual perhaps. When at their mercy, one can neither hope, nor despair. They make; they unmake. The ocean amuses itself. All shades of animal ferocity are in this vast and cunning sea, which Jean Bart called "the gross beast." It is the clutch of a sharp claw, with intervals, at will, of velvet handling. Sometimes the storm finishes a shipwreck off-hand. Sometimes it gets one up with care—it might almost be said, with caresses. The sea has its own time. Those, who are at the point of death, perceive this.

Sometimes, let it be said, these delays in execution announce deliverance. Such instances are rare. Be that as it may, dying men are prompt to believe in safety; the smallest abatement in the threats of the tempest is sufficient for them; they affirm to themselves that they are out of danger; after deeming themselves buried, they are ready to avail themselves of a resurrection; they accept feverishly that they are not yet in actual possession; it is evident that all their evil chances are exhausted; they declare themselves satisfied; they are saved; they hold God quits. But it is well not to be in too great haste to give these receipts to the Unknown.

The sou'wester made its début in a whirlwind. Seamen in distress have none but crabbed auxiliaries. The *Matutina* was impetuously dragged away by what remained of her rigging, as a dead woman by her hair. This was like the deliverances accorded by Tiberius, at the cost of violation. The wind brutalized those whom it saved. It did them service, in a fury. Its help was without pity.

The wreck, in this liberating roughness, completed its utter dislocation.

Hailstones, of large size and hard enough for loading a swivel, crippled the vessel. At each surge of the waves, these hailstones rolled along the deck like balls. The ork, as it were between two waters, lost all form under the batterings of the waves and the foaming of the spray. Every one on board looked out for himself.

He who could, clung to something. After each swash of the sea, they wondered to find their number still complete. Several had their faces torn by splinters from the wood-work.

Happily, despair has stout fists. A child's hand, in terror, has the grip of a giant. Agony constructs a vice out of woman's fingers. A young girl, under the influence of fear, would dint her rosy nails into iron. They caught at every thing, they held on, they got hold again. But each billow brought with it the agony of keeping their balance.

All at once, they were relieved.

XVI.

THE ENIGMA SUDDENLY RELAXES.

The tempest had stopped short.

In the air, there was no more either of sou'wester or nor'wester. The infuriate clarions of space were silenced. The whirlwind passed away out of the atmosphere, without previous diminution and without transition, as though it had slid down perpendicularly into an abyss. They knew no longer where it was. Flakes had replaced the hailstones. The snow began again to fall leisurely.

No more swell. The sea flattened itself.

These sudden cessations are common in hurricanes of snow. The electric effluvia being spent, all becomes tranquil; even the wave, that in ordinary storms keeps up, above all, a protracted agitation. Not so here. No prolonging of anger in the waters. Like a laborer after fatiguing work, the sea mod-

erated all at once, which is almost a contradiction of statistical laws, but which never astonishes veteran pilots, for they know that the ocean is subject to all manner of surprises.

At the expiration of some minutes, it was calm all around the ork.

At the same time, for the last phase resembles the first, one can no longer distinguish any thing. All, that had become visible during the convulsion of meteoric clouds, again became obscure; the wan outlines melted away and were diffused; the gloom of the infinite gathered from all sides about the vessel. This wall of night, this impenetrable circle, this inner side of a cylinder whose diameter grew less from minute to minute, enveloped the *Matutina*, and, with the sinister slowness of an iceberg that is forming, formidably contracted itself. At the zenith, nothing—a lid of mist—an enclosure. The ork was as though at the very bottom of an abyss.

In this pit, a puddle of liquid lead; that was the sea. The water stirred no more. A gloomy immovableness. The ocean is never more fierce, than when a pool.

All was silence, stillness, blindness.

The silence of things partakes, perhaps, of the nature of taciturnity.

The last ripples glided along the sides. The deck was horizontal, with imperceptible declinations. Some disjunctures stirred feebly. The grenade-shell that took the place of the signal-lantern, and in which the tow steeped in pitch was burning, trembled no longer on the bowsprit, and threw no more its flaming drops into the sea. What there was of breath remaining in its shower of sparks made no noise. The snow fell, thick, soft, and scarcely oblique. They heard the foaming of no more breakers. The peace of gloom.

This repose, after these exasperations and these paroxysms, was, for the hapless ones so long tossed about, an unspeakable well-being. It seemed to them that they ceased to be put upon the rack. They saw around them and above them a willingness that they should be saved. They regained confidence. All that had been fury was now tranquillity. This appeared to them the signing of peace. Their miserable chests dilated. They could let go the end of the rope or the plank they had been grasping, could rise up, straighten themselves, keep themselves standing upright, walk, move about. They felt themselves inexpressibly calmed. In the hidden depths of these heavenly changes, there was preparation for something else. It was clear that they were, beyond peradventure, out of the squalls, out of the foam, out of the blasts, out of the raging, set free.

Henceforward, all chances were in their favor. In three or four hours it would be daylight, they would be seen by some passing ship, they would be picked up. The worst was over. They were coming back into life. The important fact was, their having been able to keep afloat until the close of the storm. They said to themselves: "This time it is over!"

All at once they perceived that all, in fact, was over. One of the sailors, a northern Basque, named Galdeazun, went down into the hold, to look for some cordage; then came up, and said:

—The hold is full.

—Of what? asked the leader.

—Of water, replied the seaman.

The chief cried out:

—What's the meaning of that?

—The meaning is, answered Galdeazun, that in half an hour we shall founder.

XVII.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

THERE was a rift in the keel. A leak was sprung. At what moment? No one could say. Was it in coming alongside the Caskets? Was it before Ortach? Was it in the plashings of the shallows west of Aurigny? The most probable solu-

tion was, that they had touched the "Singe." They had received an unexplained stab. It was not heeded amid all the convulsive blows that had shaken them. In lock-jaw, one does not feel a prick.

Another sailor, the southern Basque, who called himself Ave-Maria, went down in his turn into the hold, came up again, and said: "The water is two *cares* deep."

About six feet.

Ave-Maria added:

— In less than forty minutes, down we go.

Where was the leak? It was not visible. It was drowned. The body of water, that filled the hold, hid the rift. The vessel had a hole in her belly, somewhere below the floating-line, indeed far below the careening line. Impossible to find it. Impossible to plug it. There was a wound, but they could not dress it. The water, however, was not coming in very fast.

The leader cried out:

— We must pump.

Galdeazun replied:

— We have no more pumps.

— Then, rejoined the chief, let us get to land!

— Land? Where?

— I don't know.

— Nor I.

— But it is somewhere.

— Yes.

— Let some one take us there, continued the leader.

— We have no pilot, said Galdeazun.

— Take the tiller, you.

— We have no more tiller.

— Let's rig one up with the first spar we can lay our hands

on. Nails! A hammer! Quick! Tools!

— The carpenter's chest is overboard. We have no more tools.

— Let's steer, all the same; no matter where!

— We have no more rudder.

— Where is the boat? Let's jump into it! Let's row!

— We have no longer a boat.

— Let's row the hull!

— We have no more oars.

— Up sail, then!

— We have no more sails, and no more mast.

— Let's make a mast out of a carling! Let's make a sail out of a tarpaulin. Let's get out of this. Let's trust ourselves to the wind.

— There is no more wind.

The wind, in fact, had left them. The storm had gone away; and this departure, which they had taken for their salvation, was their loss. The sou'wester, if still blowing, would have driven them madly upon some coast, would have gained upon the leak by swift movement, would have carried them perhaps to some good propitious sand-bank, and would have grounded them before they went down. The rapid hurrying away of a blast might have caused them to drive ashore: No wind, no hope! They were dying from the absence of the hurricane!

The supreme situation was before them.

The wind, the hail, the squall, the whirlwind, are disorderly combatants whom one may overcome. The tempest may be taken, in lack of armor. There are resources against violence that unceasingly lays itself bare, makes false moves, and gives many a side blow. But there is nothing to be done against a calm. No relief that one can lay hold on.

The winds are an attack by Cossacks; hold your ground, and they disperse. A calm is the torturing pincers of the executioner.

The water, not rapidly, but without interruption, irresistible and heavy, mounted in the hold; and, in proportion as it mounted, the ork descended. This was very slowly.

The crew of the *Matutina* felt opening beneath them, little

by little, the most hopeless of catastrophes, the passive. The still and ominous certainty of the unconscionable fact took hold of them. The air did not oscillate, the sea was not dreaming. The immovable is the inexorable. The swallowing up held them in silence. Athwart, the mass of speechless water, without anger, without passion, without wishing it, without knowing it, without interest therein, the fatal centre of the globe was attracting them. Horror, in quiescence, amalgamated them with itself. It was no more the yawning mouth of the ocean, the double jaw of wind and sea wickedly menacing, the grinning of the whirlwind, the spuming appetite of the surge; it was one knows not what dark gaping of the Infinite beneath these miserable men. They found themselves entering into a peaceful profundity, that was death. The extent of hull, that their craft still showed above water, was diminishing—nothing more. They could calculate at what minute she would be effaced. It was the very reverse of submersion by a rising tide. The water did not mount toward them; they descended toward it. The digging of their tomb was their own act. Their own weight was the grave-digger.

They were executed, not by the law of men, but by the law of things.

The snow was falling, and, as the vessel moved not, this white lint was converted into a cloth upon the deck, and covered the ork with a winding-sheet.

The hold grew heavier and heavier. No means of overcoming the leak. They had not even a scoop for baling, which, besides, would have been an absurdity, and useless, the ork being decked. They lighted themselves up. They set fire to two or three torches, that they planted in holes, and as they might. Galdeazun brought some old leather buckets. They undertook to stanch the hold, and ranged themselves in file; but the buckets were past service, the leather of some had been sewed and sewed again, the bottom of others was burst through, and the buckets emptied themselves on the way. The inequality was ludicrous, between what was received and what was rendered. A ton of water entered; a glassful was discharged. They had no more success than this. It was the miser's disbursement, trying to spend a million, penny by penny.

The leader said:

— Let's lighten the wreck!

During the storm they had secured the several chests that were on deck. These had remained lashed to the stump of the mast. They undid the lashings, and rolled the chests overboard through one of the breaches in the bulwarks. One of these boxes belonged to the Biscayan woman, who could not refrain from groaning thus:

— Oh, my new cape lined with scarlet! Oh, my poor open-work stockings, with birch-bark pattern! Oh, my silver earrings for going to mass in Mary's month!

After clearing the deck, there remained the cabin. It was much encumbered. It contained, you may remember, the passengers' baggage, and also sundry bales belonging to the sailors.

They took away the baggage, and got rid of all that load, by the breach in the bulwark.

They drew up the bales, and pushed them overboard.

They completed the emptying of the cabin. The lantern, the mast-head cap, barrels, sacks, buckets, the larder and the pot with the soup, all went overboard.

They unscrewed the screws of the iron stove, the fire in which had been long extinguished; they unbedded it, they hoisted it on deck, they dragged it to the breach, and they precipitated it off from the vessel.

They pitched into the water every thing that could be detached, of loose planking, of riders, of shrouds, and of rigging smashed up.

From time to time, the leader took a torch, held it over the figures marking the draught that were painted on the stem, and noted how near they might be to foundering.

XVIII.

THE SUPREME RESOURCE.

The floating wreck settled a little less, but settled continually.

Despair as to their situation found no more resource or palliative. The last expedient had been exhausted.

—Is there still any thing else to be thrown overboard? cried the leader.

The doctor, whom no one thought of any more, came out from a corner of the companion-way, and said:

—Yes.

—What? asked the chief.

The doctor replied:

—Our crimes.

There was a shudder, and they all exclaimed:

—Amen!

The doctor, standing up and turning pale, raised a finger to heaven, and said:

—To your knees!

They trembled, which is the first step toward kneeling:

The doctor resumed:

—Let us cast our crimes into the sea. They weigh us down. This is what is sinking the vessel. Let us think no more of being saved, but of salvation. Our last crime especially, the one which we have only just committed, or I should rather say completed—O wretched listeners, this it is that overwhelms us. It is impious insolence to tempt the abyss, when one leaves a murderous intention behind. What is done against a child is done against God. I know that embarking was a necessity, but it was none the less sure perdition. The storm, warned by the shadow that our action has cast, is come. It is well. For the rest, have no regret. Yonder we have, not far from us, in this obscurity, the sands of Vanville and Cape la Hougue. That is France. Spain was the only possible asylum. France is not less dangerous for us than England. Our rescue from the sea would have ended in the gibbet. To be hung, or drowned; we had no other choice. God has chosen for us. Let us render Him thanks. He accords us the tomb that washes out. Brethren, the inevitable was therein. Think that it was we who, a while ago, did all we could to transport thither on high that child, and that at this very moment, now while I am addressing you, there is perhaps a soul above our heads that accuses us, in presence of a Judge who watches us. Let us profit by this latest respite. Let us force ourselves, if still it may be so, to repair, in so much as depends on us, the evil that we have done. If the child survives us, let us come to his aid. If he dies, let us strive that he may pardon us. Let us remove this heinous sin that overhangs us. Let us unload this burden from our consciences. Let us do our best, that our souls be not swallowed up before God, for terrible is the shipwreck therein. The body goes to the fish, the soul to demons. Have pity on yourselves. To your knees, I tell you. Repentance is the bark that does not founder. You have no longer a compass. I mistake. You have prayer.

The wolves became sheep. These transformations occur at times of agony. It may happen that tigers lick the crucifix. When the dark door stands ajar, belief is difficult. Non-belief is impossible. Howsoever imperfect may be the divers outlines of religion essayed by man—even though the belief be void of form, even though the contour of the dogma does not harmonize with the lineaments of eternity as imperfectly seen—there is, at the supreme moment, a quivering of the soul, the commencement of something after life. Such is the pressure of agony.

The dying moment is the falling due of a bill. At this fatal instant, one feels the coming home of a diffused responsibility. That which has been complicates that which will be. The past returns, and enters into the future. The known becomes an abyss, no less than the unknown; and these two precipices—

one fraught with our faults, the other with our doom—mingle together their reverberations. It is the confusion of these two chasms, that terrifies the dying man.

They had made their last outlay of hope on this side of life. For that reason, they turned to the other side. No chance remained to them, but in this shadow. This they understood. It was an awful glimmering of light, followed all at once by a falling back into horror. What one comprehends at the last moment is like what one sees during a flash of lightning. Every thing; then, nothing. One sees; and one sees no more. After death, the eye will reopen, and that which was a flash of lightning will become a sun.

They shouted to the doctor.

—You yourself! you yourself! There is no one but you. We will obey you. What must be done? Speak!

The doctor answered:

—We have to do with passing over the unknown precipice, and with reaching that other boundary of life which is beyond the tomb. Being the one among you best informed, I am the most in peril, of all. You do well to leave the choice of the bridge to him who carries the heaviest load.

He added:

—Science sets a price upon the conscience.

Then he went on:

—How much time is still left us?

Galdeazun looked at the draught-mark, and answered:

—Rather more than a quarter of an hour.

—Good, said the doctor.

The low roof of the companion, on which he was leaning, made a sort of table. The doctor took from his pocket his inkhorn and his pen, and his portfolio, whence he drew forth a piece of parchment, the one on the back of which he had written, some hours before, a score of lines uneven and set close.

—A light, said he.

The snow, falling like the foam from a cataract, had put out the torches one after the other. One alone remained. Ave-Maria took it up, and came and took his place, standing by the doctor's side, and holding the torch.

The doctor replaced the portfolio in his pocket, put his pen and his inkhorn upon the companion, unfolded the parchment, and said:

—Listen.

Then, in the midst of the ocean, on this hulk diminishing in size, as it were the shaking floor of a tomb, began a reading gravely made by the doctor, and whereto all the darkness seemed to listen. All these condemned men bowed their heads around him. The flaming of the torch accentuated their pallor. What the doctor read was written in English. At intervals, when some one of these doleful countenances appeared to desire an explanation, the doctor stopped, and repeated in French, in Biscayan, in Spanish, or in Italian, the passage that he had just read. Stifled sighs were heard, and dull beatings of the breast. The floating wreck continued to bury herself.

The reading ended, the doctor laid the parchment flat upon the companion, took up his pen, and upon a blank margin that he had left at foot of what he had written, signed his name:

DOCTOR GERNARDUS GREESTEMUNDE.

Then, turning to the others, he said:

—Come, and sign.

The Biscayan woman drew up, took the pen, and signed, ASUNCION.

She passed the pen to the Irishwoman, who, not knowing how to write, made a cross.

The doctor, by the side of this cross, wrote:

—BARBARA FERMOY, of *Tyrryf Island, in the Hebrides.*

Then he handed over the pen to the leader of the band.

The leader signed, GAIDOTRA, chief.

The Genoese, below the chief, signed, GIANGIATE.

The Languedocian signed, JACQUES QUATOURZE, called the NARBONNESE.

The Provençal signed, LUC. PIKRE CAPGAROUPE, *from the galleys at Mahon.*

Underneath these signatures, the doctor wrote this note:

Of the three men of the crew, the master having been swept away by a sea, there are only two remaining, and they have signed.

The two sailors affixed their names below this note. The Biscayan of the north signed, GALDEAZUN. The Biscayan of the south signed, AVE-MARIA, *thief.*

Then the doctor said:

— Capgaroupe.

— Here, said the Provençal.

— You have got Hardquanonne's gourd?

— Yes.

— Give it to me.

Capgaroupe drained the last drop of the brandy, and handed the gourd to the doctor.

The increase of the water in the hold became more marked. The wreck sunk deeper and deeper into the sea.

The inclined edges of the deck were covered with small ripples that grew larger.

All were grouped about the vessel's sheer.

The doctor dried the ink of the signatures by the torch, folded up the parchment in folds narrower than the diameter of the bottle's neck, and thrust it into the gourd. He cried out:

— The cork.

— I don't know where it is, said Capgaroupe.

— Here's the end of a rope, said Jacques Quatourze.

The doctor corked the gourd with the rope's end, and said:

— Some pitch.

Galdeazun went forward, took a handful of tow, and with it unhooked the grenade-shell, which was dying out, from the stem, and carried it to the doctor half full of boiling pitch.

The doctor plunged the neck of the gourd into the pitch, and drew it out.

The gourd, that contained the parchment signed by all of them, was corked and pitched.

— All is over, said the doctor.

And from all mouths went forth, vaguely stammered in various tongues, the lugubrious murmur of catacombs.

— So be it!

— *Mea culpa!*

— *Asi sea!**

— *Aro rail!*†

— Amen!

One might have imagined that one heard sombre voices of Babel retchoing through the gloom, at the fearful refusal of Heaven to hear them.

The doctor turned his back upon his associates in crimes and despair, and took a few steps toward the side. Having reached the edge of the wreck, he peered into the Infinite, and said with deep accent:

— Bist du bei mir!‡

He was speaking probably to some spectre.

• The wreck was going down.

Behind the doctor all were dreaming. Prayer is an irresistible force. They did not bend, they folded themselves. There was something of the involuntary in their contrition. They hung down, as a sail hangs down when there is no breeze; and the haggard group assumed by degrees, with clasped hands and foreheads lowered, the attitude, varied but crushed, of a despairing confidence in God. It were hard to say what solemn expression, borrowed from the gloom, was outlined on these sinister faces.

The doctor returned to them. Whatever his past, the old

man was great in presence of the final issue. The universal reticence around preoccupied, without disconcerting him. It was the man, who is not taken by surprise. There was upon him a tranquil horror. The majesty of God comprehended was in his countenance.

This ruffian, aged and thoughtful, had, without suspecting it, assumed a pontifical aspect.

He said:

— Pay attention!

He looked out for a moment into space, and added:

— Now we are about to die.

Then he took the torch from the hands of Ave-Maria, and shook it.

A flame sprang from it, and passed away into the night.

And the doctor threw the torch into the sea.

The torch went out. All brightness vanished. There was no longer any thing but the immense unexplored obscurity. It was in some respects as though the tomb was closing.

In this eclipse the doctor was heard to say:

— Let us pray.

All fell upon their knees.

It was no longer in the snow; it was in the water that they knelt.

They had no more than some few minutes.

The doctor alone remained standing up. The flakes of snow, as they fell upon him, starred him with white tears, and made him visible against the background of darkness. He might have been called the speaking statue of the dusk.

The doctor made the sign of the cross, and raised his voice, while beneath his feet began that rocking motion, almost indistinct, which precedes the instant when a wreck is about to plunge down. He said:

— Pater noster, qui es in cœlis.

The Provençal repeated in French:

— *Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux!*

The Irishwoman took it up in the Welsh tongue, understood by the Biscayan woman:

— *Ar nachair ata ar neamh.*

The doctor continued:

— Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

— Hallowed be Thy name, said the Provençal.

— *Naomhthar hainm,* said the Irishwoman.

— *Adveniat regnum tuum,* pursued the doctor.

— Thy kingdom come, said the Provençal.

— *Tigeadh do ríoghachd,* said the Irishwoman.

The kneelers had the water up to their shoulders. The doctor went on:

— Fiat voluntas tua.

— Thy will be done, lisped out the Provençal.

And the Irishwoman and the Biscayan woman ejaculated this cry:

— *Deuntar do thoil ar an Hhalâmb!*

— *Sicut in cœlo, sicut in terrâ,* said the doctor.

No voice made response.

He closed his eyes. All the heads were submerged. Not one of them had stood up. They had allowed themselves to be drowned, kneeling.

The doctor took in his right hand the gourd, which he had laid upon the companion, and raised it above his head.

The wreck went down.

As it sunk, the doctor murmured the rest of the prayer.

His bust was above water for a moment, then his head, then nothing more than his arm holding the gourd, as though he were showing it to the Infinite.

The arm disappeared. The deep sea had no more wrinkles than a ton of oil. The snow continued to fall.

Something was swimming, and floated away in the shadows. It was the gourd, corked and pitched, that its wicker covering had kept up.

* "So be it!"

† "Well and good!" (Roman *patole*.)

‡ "Art thou near me?"

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
 And they first feel the sun: so violets blue,
 So the soft, star-like primrose, drenched in dew,
 The earliest of spring-time's fragrant birth,
 To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply.
 Still humbleness, with her low-breathed voice,
 Can steal o'er man's proud heart and win his choice
 From earth to heaven with mightier witchery
 Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
 Bloom on, then, in your shade-contented bloom,
 Sweet flowers! nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
 Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive;
 They know, who one day for their altered doom
 Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

GRACE DAWSON.

OUR heroine was not at all pretty.

Family traditions said that she was born in Boston—the city celebrated for being the hub from which the spokes of the universe radiate.

The mother of Grace died in those early years of which children keep no memory, and God no record against them. Her father had failed in business in New England, and when his half-brother, Jonathan Wilde, moved to Philadelphia, Mr. Dawson yielded to the suggestion that three playmates and a mother would be better for Grace than his own desolate New England hearthstone, and the little girl dwelt thenceforth on the banks of the Delaware.

Her uncle sent the bills for her clothing to her father, and received pay for allowing her to eat and sleep with his children, at about that shade under boarding-house rates, covered by the advantages of her being "permanent and not particular." Many an older victim finds out, when too late, that the fiction of being made "entirely at home," implies the utter neglect which a domestic might, perforce, submit to, without any of the kindnesses a child might expect.

Of her father, Grace saw but little, as it was understood that he was trying to recover his broken fortunes by the usual Wall Street efforts, in New York City. His labors did not seem to amount to much, and her uncle, Jonathan, had more than once rebuked the gift of some substantial article of dress or jewelry to Grace, on the ground that the father could not afford such extravagance.

Her board and school, and store-bills, had always been promptly paid, but there seemed, ever-present with the family of which she was an inmate, an impression that some such payment might be the final one; even if her father did not follow up this criminal domestic default, by applying to borrow money. Little of any definite nature was ever said, but her two beautiful cousins, Irene and Fanny, always treated her with the sort of condescension due to a poor relation. Her aunt and uncle, always incidentally mentioned at the breakfast-table, when a month's bills were due, and the little boarder felt a nervous presentiment that if her father ever did try to borrow money of her well-to-do uncle, there would be some little difficulty about retaining or obtaining a house-girl, and she would quietly fall into that position.

John was the oldest child and the boasted genius of the family, and it was considered quite a favor to be asked to wait on him in such little matters as finding a book or bringing a hat or umbrella.

Time, for all of these people, had passed on in the most commonplace of ways, until one day in the early summer of 1865. That morning the face and form of Grace were framed in one of the lower windows of the red-brick house, with its contrasting trimmings of white marble, that stood in the upper part of Chestnut Street. On looking down, she saw her uncle coming hastily up the street, at an hour much earlier than usual. She disappeared from the window, to open the hall-door, and was told to dress speedily, to take the next train for New York. A telegram had been received from her father, stating that he was somewhat ill, and wished to see his daughter and half-brother as soon as possible. He had removed from his lodgings, on Eleventh Street, down to the St. Nicholas, and they were to meet him there.

An hour later, the two were whirling over the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and, about dusk, alighted from a Broadway stage at the ladies' entrance of the great marble pile, which was their destination.

Our heroine had little time to decide whether she liked it better than the Continental or not, or whether she could endure the crowd of the great metropolitan way after the quiet streets of Philadelphia; for she was soon standing by the bedside of the father she had seen but once before, in that year, and who was evidently dying.

We fear her silent tears were a little embittered by the thought of how much disturbed her uncle and aunt would be, if the next month's bills were not paid when due.

No passing-bell helped to swell the ceaseless din of the city, which filled all things with its steady jar, and the man retained his strength of voice and intellectual faculties to the last. Only the nameless something which falls like a shadow from the spread wings of death, on the face of the dying, told that the soul had begun to withdraw from its chrysalis of clay.

Besides the two new arrivals, there were no persons in the room, save the physician and a gray-haired stranger of portly form, kind face, and seemingly of some fifty-five years of age. Grace had been too long accustomed to subdue her emotions to be very demonstrative even in her grief, and little was said before the man who was hovering on the confines of two worlds asked attention to his closing business in this one, for which—as much as to have his child with him in his last moments—he had desired her to come.

Much to the surprise of Jonathan Wilde, Mr. Dawson began to speak of having accumulated ten thousand dollars as his interest in a partnership with the gray-haired gentleman, whom he mentioned as his friend Mr. William Mann. Mr. Wilde had known that a little room up-stairs, at the corner of Broad Street and Exchange Place, near Wall Street, had been the den which Mr. Dawson called his office. He, indeed, had once been in it, without, however, seeing Mr. Mann, who, it seems, had all along been the partner in the rent, as well as in the profits, which had not been supposed to exist. It was easy enough in the great city, where no one concerns himself to know what his neighbor is doing, to accumulate much more than the few thousands mentioned, and just as easy to lose it all in a day as to gain it by the toil of years. Mr. Dawson had been fifteen years in New York, and Grace was now seventeen years old.

A simple will had been drawn up, leaving the ten thousand dollars with Mr. Mann, and also a bond to Grace from the latter, to pay interest on the money at six per cent., which would give six hundred dollars a year, and pay the few customary expenses of his daughter as usual. At her marriage, or expressing a wish to settle to herself, after the age of twenty, the entire sum was to be paid to her. After this disposal of his property, and a little gift to each of the two nieces, Irene and Fanny, it seemed a little useless for the will to go on, and, in a separate clause, make his daughter sole heiress of his property, and Mr. Mann the executor—said property seeming to consist in the old leather trunk standing near the bed, and the rather seedy overcoat hanging in the closet. Mr. Wilde took it to be the mere pretext of the lawyer to spin out the writing, and make show enough for his fee. His thoughts were running in another channel, and at length shaped themselves into the question, "Would it not be better, brother, to pay the money over to me, and let me do the best I can with it, for Grace? You know I am a good manager, and have made thirty or forty thousand while you were making ten."

"I have thought of that," said the dying man, "but a man of your standing could borrow money for business use at less than six per cent. outside of the fluctuations of currency. The expenses of Grace are nearly six hundred dollars a year, and, as Mr. Mann proposes to pay that, it will perhaps save a tax on your own purse. Besides, it is now invested in our old business, and Mr. Mann gives security."

Seeing nothing to reply, Mr. Wilde made none, and then Mr. Dawson said that he felt his end was very near, and he would like to see his daughter alone for a little while.

All the others went to one of the parlors, and father and child were left with no witness to their last interview, save the waiting angel—Death.

The gentleman lay quiet a few moments, with eyes closed, hands folded, and lips moving as if in prayer, and, when at length he spoke, his voice was so clear and strong, that, to have heard and not seen him, one would have supposed he had yet many years to live.

"My daughter," he said, "listen attentively, and think calmly, on

what I am about to say. I have loved you as I did the mother you never knew; not for beauty, but for the patient, loving heart you inherited from her. I am perhaps singular in the way I have chosen to manifest my love, and probably unwise, in that I might have failed. Your mother said, in dying, that she hoped you would some day be lifted above the wearing anxieties of common poverty, or, at all events, saved from the actual want of the necessities of life, on the brink of which condition she and I then stood. When I placed you with your uncle, I hoped, by self-denial and labor, to fulfil her dying wish in less time than the fifteen years that have brought you up to womanhood. I have succeeded, and if I do not live to share it with you, I shall, at least, have a pleasant word to tell your mother when she asks me of her child. But wealth is not happiness, and I have thought how to shield you from one of the evils which may make fortune more miserable a condition than penury. If you marry, I would have it for love, and the few thousands mentioned in my will are not enough to tempt any one greatly to belie the promptings of his own heart; while the fact that you are known to have something, might decide some worthy man who would hesitate between his love for you and your necessary poverty with him. I have known Mr. Mann for years, and, even if he were not honest, I have secured my real estate by deed to you."

Grace started at this word, and looked in half-fear lest his mind was now wandering. He saw the look, but it seemed to remind him only of a question he wished to ask, for he said, "Have you any lover now?"

"I have not even a male friend," was her reply; and he continued:

"I have invested one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in real estate, such as stores and building-lots, in this city and Brooklyn, and all the deeds are wrapped up with a picture of your mother and her letters to me before we were married, in an old leather pocket-book, or note-case. You will find it under the false bottom of that old trunk. My partner, Mr. Mann, is the agent to receive the rents and see to the insurance, and no one but he and I and the revenue officers know that I have more than the little money still in the business. He is richer than I am, for he gave me my start after I failed in Boston. Few can keep a secret; and, in informing you that you are rich, and that, for your own happiness, it is as well not to seem so for some years, I recommend that you make no confidants. Has your experience of the treatment of a poor girl taught you to agree with me?"

"Oh, indeed it has, father," she said, as the blinding tears half hid from her the kind face she had yet so little time to see.

"Then keep the trunk as for your own use; make a memorandum of where and when the deeds were recorded, in case of their loss by accident, and let your uncle and aunt and cousins share the belief of the world, that I leave you with a mere support."

Could he have read her heart, as she lay with her cheek against his, it would have gladdened his own to know how much even the six hundred a year had lifted the fear from her heart, that she would be left a poor dependent on unwilling charity. After all, many a clergyman of good talents and expensive education, has supported his family for a lifetime on six hundred a year, and died with no power to bequeath the little sum to his destitute children.

After a brief pause, he kissed her twice tenderly, and then said—"Call the others, I shall soon be gone." They were summoned, and he pressed the hand of each, and looked an affirmative answer to the questioning gaze of his old friend, which seemed to say, "Does she approve?"

After an interval, the pale lips moved, and a voice much weaker than that which had spoken to his daughter, said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Then the leaden seal of mortality slowly pressed itself down upon the face, and the soul passed out into that boundless space, where we may hope its Creator still has it in his holy keeping.

Others performed the last rites for the dead, but Grace sat there, when the cold hand was released from hers; too much benumbed by the sudden events, to act or think, or even weep such tears as relieve the heart by exhausting its fountains. The light from the one window, dimmed by the dust of Broadway, fell upon her slight, girlish form, in the plain gray travelling dress; on the white hands where the plain gold ring was, the father's gift; on the bowed head, with its straight, unrippling hair of pale brown, with a tinge of what her cousins called red; on the forehead too high for beauty, and the fair face that, with all her care to avoid the sun, would show an occasional

moth spot, or freckle; on the dark gray eyes and regular features; on the occasional tear that trickled down her cheeks; thus did the pale sunlight fall, as if the bending heavens were sending down rays of comfort. The poor sad girl was an orphan and an heiress. Half of this fact was conveyed to the city of Penn in the telegram of Mr. Wilde. The other half he did not know.

The "dust to dust" was consummated in that beautiful city of the dead—Greenwood; and Grace, again returned to her home, could not but feel that the sympathy of her aunt and cousins was all the kinder; that its future developments could be insured to the amount of six hundred a year.

Not a spark of triumph or tinge of bitterness was there, however, in the orphan girl's heart; and, when again in her quiet room she knelt in that pure robe of the night in which women, like angels, approach their Maker, the sweet words of "Give us this day our daily bread" blent only with the thought of gratitude that God had given to her keeping so much of the bread others must share; and the solemn "Thy will be done" included even that long visit of her father to her mother, where he could give to her that "pleasant word,"—Grace is not left destitute.

The year 1865 had quenched its inverted torch upon the threshold of 1866, and Grace had finished her school-days, only to be more often seen at the window of the brick and marble house on Chestnut Street; and looking much as she did on the day when her uncle brought the telegram from her father; only she now dressed in black.

There was a little change at home. The monthly bills were not mentioned at periodical times, at the breakfast-table. Her dresses were no longer brought home by her two cousins, with the air of making gifts, and handed over with the remark, "That will make up nice for you." She had risen to the dignity of shopping, and bought with ready money. The house girl could be taken or dismissed with no dread of her hearing,—"Grace, dear, you would not mind attending to those rooms, would you, until we get another girl?" Cousin John had discovered that he could sometimes find his own things, and also that the playing and singing of cousin Grace was rather good for a school-girl.

Her new guardian, Mr. Mann, had thrice been to see her, and once taken her and her cousins to New York, to see the Central Park, and the neat marble monument over her father's grave at Greenwood.

Besides this, however, there had been no appreciable change, and, when her guardian had asked her if she needed more money, and offered to contrive a way for the rents of her property to be placed at her disposal, she only accepted a little addition to the fund she had reserved for charity, and still lived on less than the six hundred, in her accustomed way. In the visit to New York, there had been a kind of telegraphic signal agreed upon between Mr. Mann and herself, which, when given on the occasion of entering certain stores on upper Broadway, or passing certain vacant Brooklyn lots, signified—"This is yours." To that extent her woman vanity yielded, no more.

At the beginning of the long vacation of Harvard University for 1866, John Wilde was to graduate, at the age of twenty-three, and the visit to Boston on that eventful occasion by the whole family had long been anticipated with pleasure.

In the spring of that year, an event had occurred to deepen and intensify the growing affection of Grace for the family of her uncle, and to satisfy her that with all the closeness and penuriousness of her aunt, there was yet in some not often reached depth of her nature, a well-spring of genuine kindness and charity. A young German girl, named Dora Mayer, had long been a servant in the family, and Grace learned from the tea-table conversation that she had been detected in purloining some small articles of plate. But great was the surprise of her heroine to learn that not only was the culprit to escape exposure and punishment, but that Mr. Jonathan Wilde had actually secured her a place among some Germans who were going to service in the South, and advised her to go beyond the temptations of city life. The aunt half won the heart of Grace by saying, "Do not show that you know it, Grace dear, for she feels badly enough as it is." She quite won it a few days later by stooping over the orphan and saying, after a motherly kiss, "I fear I have not been all that a mother would have been to you, but should you ever have any trouble, or any thing pressing on your mind, you will find no more attentive ear, or warmer sympathy, than in your seemingly cold aunt."

The tears sprang to the eyes of her auditor, and Grace never could

tell why the impulse to confide to her aunt the secret of her father's death-bed, was repressed. We only know that the secret was not then told.

The long-expected commencement occasion at length arrived, and the Wilde family, Grace included, were in Boston. Bunker-Hill Monument had been climbed, and the sights of Washington and Tremont Streets had been exhausted, and, on the eventful day when cousin John was to deliver his maiden speech, Grace was one of the happiest of the party driving across the bridge to Cambridge.

One set of collegiate exercises is too much like all others, to merit description, and fans, summer toilets, and cool beauty in muslin,—inter-checked with male humanity, perspiring and in mourning,—were the prominent features of the audience. John Wilde had graduated with high honor, and had a composition in Latin, besides a brilliant speech, in which he glowingly pictured the progress of civilization, and the useful and fine arts, during the past century. Snowy handkerchiefs waved at its close, and there was the soft pattering of kid gloves at the telling passages—the refinement of applause, as if the hands kissed in ecstacy.

One pale student, however, divided the attention won by this popular young gentleman. He had none of the confidence or city manner that made others graceful, and his attire betrayed the fact that he patronized other than fashionable tailors. His theme was *eloquence*, and he seemed not so much to describe and define it as to *feel* it.

At the close, when he bent forward in that indescribable approach by which the greatest advocates are wont to magnetize their juries, and his eye seemed to rest unconsciously on the form of a venerable clergyman, known and loved in all New England, his words were so impressive as to start tears to more than one bright eye.

"Eloquence, like genius, is not acquired, but *born*. Its subject may partake of the smell of the lamp, and the labor of the laboratory or the office; and it may borrow much from action and from cultivation. Yet—more intangible than air, and more subtle than the lightning—it may rise beyond the preparation, the occasion, and the inspiration, and speak from the eye, melt from the tongue, and glow from the very presence of the man who *feels*. As for her chosen and peculiar home, it is the pulpit. The senate and the rostrum may lure her with the golden pomp of earthly honors, but, in the sacred oratory of the pulpit, the voice of true eloquence speaks in nobler accents and more fervid tones than ever startled the Grecian Eccelesia or shook the Roman Forum. 'There stands the legate of the skies, *his* theme divine, *his* office sacred, *his* credentials clear. By him, the violated law speaks out its thunders; and through him, in tones as sweet as angels use, the gospel whispers peace!'"

There was no applause to follow this, but there was sympathy and feeling.

The next day her cousin John invited Grace to a sail with him on the bay, in a boat belonging to one of his Boston classmates; and she thought him wondrously improved, with his air of mature manhood, and his delicate and unusual courtesies to her.

She was ready to accept his apology for his parents, that they were only now realizing that she was no longer a child; but she was utterly overwhelmed by his florid avowal of a love for her as old as his memory, and his declaration that his parents had long hoped for the union. They were not full cousins, which he was thankful for, as some were opposed to family intermarriages, and, if she would only consent, the love-home pictured by the pretended prince, as he told Pauline, of the Lake of Como, would be poor to that this Claude Melnotte would conjure up for her.

She listened in surprise, but accepted him in the matter-of-course kind of a way in which she had always obeyed rather than granted his requests. That the brilliant and handsome John Wilde should ever fancy her, was as astounding as if some fairy had suddenly gifted her with his clear complexion, hazel eyes, and brown curls. He was too rich to care for her little ten thousand; too popular with lovely women to be attracted by her moderate good looks, and, while she could not understand it, she thought her father would be pleased, if he knew it. This must be all for love.

Much as this new theme must have interested her, it did not prevent the rather sudden and *mal-à-propos* question,—"Who was that young student who spoke yesterday on eloquence?" He looked annoyed, but replied, "His name is Richard Vane. He is a poor fellow educated by some Southern church for the ministry, and had been

to some Southern schools, and two years in a theological seminary there, before he came to Harvard. He will spend his life on a salary as poor as one of his own church mice, but might make a passable lawyer if he was not bent on preaching at once."

He then changed the subject to his own prospects, and said he had half a mind to go South himself, and buy a plantation among the broken-down chivalry. She laughed at that, and the sail was soon terminated by a return to their hotel, and preparations for a return to Philadelphia.

Much to her delight, the subject of the engagement was little spoken of, after the kisses and embraces of her uncle, aunt, and cousins, and her rather decided refusal to consummate the marriage under a year from that time. Her lover was a faithful escort to places of amusement, stood by her when she sang, and drove out with her often; but was not over demonstrative, and she liked him better for that. The fact of her betrothal was made public among the friends of the family, but that was not needed to bind either her or him to the promise made on Boston Bay. Her word once given was final, as if the solemn "Until death doth you part" had been spoken at the altar; while, had he expressed a wish to break the engagement, it would have seemed more natural and proper than the marriage, and, as ever since childhood, she would have expected John to have his own way.

That worthy individual seemed to have impressed himself by the words, uttered in jest, as to becoming a planter in the South, and, after various sportive renewals of the subject, a serious talk was one day had with his father, and then it was announced that he was, in truth, going to the land of sugar-cane and cotton.

Mr. Wilde, Sr., remarked at the breakfast table, after this announcement, "I shall give John ten thousand dollars to start with, Grace, so as to make him equal to you."

She thought of what a pleasant surprise she would have for all of them, some day, but only said, "Thank you sir."

In another week, there was a very lover-like parting from her, and John was gone. He wrote first from Savannah, on his way to the orange plantations on the St. John's River in Florida. Then he was in Alabama and in Mississippi. Then in Tennessee, and finally enamored with the grand scenery and fertile lands in that part of Georgia bordering on Tennessee. There he bought a finely-improved farm rather than plantation, for it was above the region of cotton, and in that of wheat and corn. He described it as a rural paradise, but sadly in need of repair and attention. He must stay there to see to these, and insisted that his mother, Grace, and Irene, should come down and regulate his bachelor establishment, if Fanny would keep house for his father until Christmas. The beautiful blonde, his sister Fan, was as pleased at the prospect of the reins of domestic government in her own hands, for a month or two, as the brilliant brunette Irene, and the other two, were with going, and the arrangement was made. With characteristic Yankee independence the three ladies expressed their baggage to Dalton, where the gentleman was to meet them, and took the cars with no escort.

After some little amusement from the frequent question, if they were coming South to teach the freedmen schools—to which Irene invariably answered, yes—they arrived in safety, and at once packed themselves and trunks into the four-horse spring wagon, which was to be their conveyance for the remaining twenty-five miles, and their church and pleasure carriage when there. A happier party never awoke the echoes of rock and mountain with silvery laughter, or bathed flushed and rosy faces in crystal roadside springs. Even quiet little "domestic Grace," as her lover called her, wore out a pair of new shoes climbing the mossy rocks and exploring the vine-obstructed valleys, and looked as blooming as the country lasses.

Happy girlhood! its seasons are all hung full of the May-time, and autumn and winter bring no shadows for them, until the summer of life has withered the blossoms of their gladsome spring.

What if the grand old southern forests seemed anticipating the frosts not yet come? the changing hues of the leaves, and glowing splendor of the mosses, only gave color and variety to the garlands of hope they wove.

It was night when our quartette arrived at the Southern investment—I, e., John's new home—and the ladies were too tired to see more than a cottage in a large yard before they sought repose and slumber, after the supper of corn-bread, ham and eggs, with tea. But, the next morning, Grace and all the others fully endorsed the rather enthusias-

tic account of his purchase given in the letters of the son, brother, and lover, in one.

A few days later, a piano, which John had ordered from Steinway's, came to the depot by express, and was soon contrasting its polished legs and soft cover with the pine tables and split-bottomed chairs and country-woven counterpanes of the former proprietor.

Carpentering, clearing up neglected land, repairing fences, house-keeping in the nearest approximation to Northern style, regulating the grown-up negroes John had hired, and keeping from stepping on the little negroes, who were omnipresent,—all this was soon the order of each day, and frost came before Grace and her lover had any leisure for courtship.

At length they took time, and the old mossy foot-log over the stream, which now had its bright waters died brown by the infusion of falling autumn leaves, was a favorite resort. The names of other lovers had been rudely carved on the great beech-tree which overshadowed the stream, and the spot was, in some measure, consecrated by the loves of those now turned to dust.

On one misty afternoon, when the tops of the mountains faded in a purple haze, and the atmosphere was soft and mild as Indian summer, the pair sat on this old log beneath the beech and above the stream; and the memory of the words then spoken was ever after more closely woven into the lives of each than even the declaration of love and promise of marriage union.

We mention this conversation, not because its language was remarkable, or the thoughts clothed in language were wonderful, but because it was all a new revelation of the character of the lovers to each other, and is therefore a new revelation of their characters to us.

John Wilde was an entire believer in the wildest theories, or, rather, no theories, of German infidelity, and devoted nearly an hour to the instruction of Grace and the effort to convert her to his views. Those views, so far as they related to God, salvation, and the immortality of the soul, might all be expressed in the words, *I know nothing; therefore, there is nothing*. An easy creed, making human ignorance the measure of infinitude.

Grace had listened with an amazement which he took for complete conviction, but she soon undeceived him by such a reply to his sophistry, and such an unravelling of his cobwebs, as speedily made him the astonished party of the twain. Even her gentle nature could not entirely restrain her from expressing the scorn which an educated Christian feels for those philosophers who erase the suns of the soul from space, and then write the word NOTHING, over the abyss of night, as both hope and creed. Some of her words were so true, and her inferences so sharp, as to make his face flush and his ears tingle.

It was his first mental combat with an intelligent woman, and he was foiled and beaten by the very weapons of reason to which he had appealed.

He looked divided between the inclination to strike her, like a ruffian, or break his engagement with her, like a gentleman; but he may have had his reasons for not doing either. So he contented himself with saying, sneeringly, "You had better get a pair of breeches and turn preacher!" and then arose from the log and moved toward the house.

The brook beneath his feet had babbled to him of a depth he had never suspected, in the nature of his little half-servant, Grace. She was pale under the power of that heart-question, "Great God, am I to marry a skeptic?" To us it seems that the father who gave fifteen lonely years for his daughter's happiness, may have labored in vain. *He only knows who is "God over all—blessed forever."*

It was the third week of the stay of the Philadelphians in Georgia, before they thought of seeking such church privileges as that rural district afforded. They learned that there was a neat little chapel, framed and painted, five miles away, under the pastoral care of a young minister who had charge of three churches as the *quid pro quo* of his salary of five hundred dollars a year.

In the few days following the long talk between the lovers beneath those lover-tablets on the bark of the beech-tree above the stream, John Wilde, or J. Wilde, Esq., as his cards now were marked, seemed a little uneasy. The old patronizing, self-complacent superiority with which he had permitted Grace Dawson to love him, had received a severe shock; and, as it evidently would not do to fall in his own estimation or hers, he adopted that usual male expedient—showing his authority. Few of the colored servants received more sharp and per-

emptory orders for a few days than did his affianced bride; but, as Grace obeyed in all things in the same meek and cheerful way that had been her custom from the time she could remember, it seemed unnecessary to hold a tight rein with so gentle and perfectly broken an animal, and that novel exhibition of spirit under his attack on her religion, lost the edge of its first offence. Thus it was, when, with his fast-trotting four-in-hand, the green-and-crimson panels of his spring-wagon flashing in the bright Sabbath sunlight, as the party whirled around the beautiful road above his fertile valley, "Richard," *alias* John, was "himself again," and he pointed out beauties to his mother, petted the spoiled brunette Irene, and patronized Grace, in the old way.

That Sabbath held in reserve for our heroine two surprises—one pleasant, the other not so much so. The neat little chapel, reached at last, seemed to nestle in the embrace of the oaken grove, and they soon found seats on the simple benches within. A young man, not devoid of natural gracefulness, and neatly dressed in black, arose to announce the old hymn, to which there would be no organ-accompaniment:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

When the first tones of the clear, powerful voice filled the air above the large congregation, Grace started, and Mr. Wilde looked up in surprise. It was the young man who, since that commencement day in Cambridge, had been to her the embodiment of his theme—*eloquence*.

Soon the full, earnest tones of many voices compensated well for the absence of operatic singing, and, after the prayer, followed the sermon.

It was upon the strange theory that the love of God—which had filled the Sacred Book, and carpeted time, from the creation, through the epochs of deluge, patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings, psalmist, the example of Christ, and the testimony of the first martyrs, with words of love and examples of duty—was not yet satisfied; that when John, in Patmos, was about to close the long record of God's work for man, the patient Father stayed his hand, to spread upon the last page the memorable invitation beginning with, "The spirit and the bride say, Come!"

Upon this text the young minister proceeded to unfold those chief temptations which can win the soul to its own highest good—the perfections of Jesus Christ, which ever invite—the love of God, which fills the ages with its music, and ever whispers—come!

The sermon was not a long one, but Grace Dawson, who had from childhood been a member of the same branch of the church, dated her best and holiest religious experiences from that day. As for John Wilde, he said that "Vane would have made a capital fellow for criminal cases;" and Irene said it was all pretty, but rather too affecting for the pulpit—"We expect to cry, you know, at tender passages in theatres."

The second surprise of that day was when Grace left her friends talking with some acquaintances her cousins had formed in the nearest town, and went alone to the spring at the foot of the hill. Near it was a wagon whose occupants had brought their dinner with them, and one of them was filling the tin cups of the others at the bubbling fountain. She looked up and held out her hand with a cordial smile, and it was no other than Dora, the young German girl, discharged by her aunt for stealing, and so kindly provided for beyond the temptations of the city.

Grace did not return her greetings with as much warmth as they were given. If she had shown the confusion and shame natural at so suddenly meeting one who must know of her crime, all the kindness of the heart of our heroine would have arisen to reassure the criminal. But the frank, hearty gladness, and free, open manner, looked like brazen boldness, and Grace only asked a few questions—pleaded her waiting companions as an excuse for declining the acquaintance of the people in the wagon, and only said—"Do so," to the avowal of an intended early visit by the young Teuton. She did not speak of this second meeting, but it annoyed her, even when she met the young minister at the side of the vehicle of her party, and heard him promise his old college chum an early visit.

The promised visit was made, lasting two days, and was enjoyed by no one more than by the betrothed of the new planter. That it was

not without some interest to Irene, we gather from the following letter written by her to the sister left in the Northern home:

"HAPPY VALLEY, October 26, 1866.

"DEAR FAN: We have all been too busy here to be good correspondents, and have by a sort of common consent made cousin Grace our business scribe. Just fancy such a quiet, plain-faced little puss being our sister some day! No wonder brother John is in no hurry! This is a beautiful country, romantic, wild, sublime, and all that, and has only one or two drawbacks, the lack of dry-goods stores and young men. I do not know which I miss the most, but the latter deficiency is now in part atoned for. You remember that pale, interesting-looking youth (he would have been interesting if he had been blessed with a good tailor!) who so much enlisted his own sympathies (and ours) in a speech at Harvard, when John graduated. He is a preacher here, and makes a very passable beau. He dresses in better taste than he did, and looks like a model for men, in his mountain home. A little sunburn has much improved his once pale face, and I think the chickens, always sacrificed by these people when their priest (I beg pardon—pastor) comes, may possess more nutritive qualities than the omnipresent hash of boarding-houses. He has the thews and sinews of a Nimrod, and it is perfectly delightful to feel that leaning on him in a mountain ramble is like the support of a rooted oak; and one accustomed to horseback riding with city gallants can appreciate the strength of arm that lifts one to the saddle, without a seeming effort. Only one thing annoys me. We asked Grace to go, as a matter of form, thinking she would never dare to mount these wild horses; but she had learned to ride some way, while at school, and is the most fearless horsewoman I ever saw. Would you have believed it? But Miss Pale Face (blooming enough now though, I must confess!) is mortgaged, and never could be in my way if she was not.

"Now don't think I am such a ninny as to fall in love with this backwoods Apollo, but you may wager your diamonds that I shall lead him such a dance over these old hills, that his head will be too dizzy for his usual pulpit eloquence. He is to be here again next week, and I intend he shall abuse me as his *Clara Vere de Vere*, before I leave these parts. You know I mean Tennyson's—

'You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.'

"That's my style! I only wish John was a little more lover-like to Grace—in company. He lets *anybody* entertain her, who will save him the trouble! Vane has to be encouraged up to our ideal, as he is too modest. Heigh-ho! mother wants me to attend to the poultry, and that is a greater bore than letter-writing. Love to papa. Good-by.

"Your sister,

"IRENE."

Richard Vane did come, and came often, for the cultivated mind of John Wilde was a treat to him, like a drink of refreshing water, after the rather insipid companionships of his mountain charge. He could lead his flock to the fold of Christ, and did; but few lambs of his fold could follow to those high pastures on the hills of God where he loved to climb. John liked him in a superior, patronizing way, and gave him good dinners and advice. Irene was only annoyed that he saw too readily how far she was above him, and turned to the more humble and less beautiful Grace, notwithstanding her engagement. So the brunette encouraged him.

On one pleasant day there was a drive, and Grace remained at the house to attend to the formal country supper. While busy, presiding over the mysteries of the kitchen, she heard a lighter step than that of the cook, and, turning, saw with little pleasure that she was alone to entertain the banished German handmaid. There was a forlorn attempt to sympathize with the much the other had to tell, when suddenly Dora stopped her own rapid account of the ills and blessings of life in the woods, and asked, "Do you know what I was sent away from Philadelphia for?"

Our heroine was tempted to say sharply, "For stealing"—but such a reply was evidently not expected, and she replied, evasively, "Uncle never talked much about it."

"Well, I never could understand it! I always did my work, until one day your aunt took it into her head that I was too young to be without friends in a big city, and nothing would do but I must be

bundled off with a lot of folks coming South. And I was threatened to be turned off with no recommendation for the next place, if I didn't come. They talked so good and sensible, I had to come, and I'm glad I did, but I don't know why till yet."

Grace looked shocked and frightened, but was silent.

"Don't look so uneasy, young miss, I always did like you the best, for you wasn't so high above servants as some, but I've had it on my mind to ask you something since I saw you at meetin', and I will ask it. What was there in a little black book, like a pocket-testament, that lay in the tray of your trunk, with a pencil in it?"

Grace was pale now, but said, "It was my memorandum-book, and in it my guardian had written the dates and place of record of some papers that are important to me, but to no one else."

"Would your aunt have cared to know about those papers?"

"Why ask me that?"

"Well, I am into it now, and may, as well tell it all. I have often seen your aunt try your trunk (that one you brought from New York) with her keys, but the lock was queer, and no key would open it but yours. One day you went to ride with Mr. John, and, as he was hurrying you, you left your keys in the trunk. I was in the next room, and just caught sight of them through the open door, when your aunt came to your room and went straight to your trunk. I saw her open it, and open that little black book, and appear flurried, and heard her say something about a 'secret, deceitful huzzy,' and then I thought best to let her know where I was, and I coughed. She was up and had the trunk shut in a minute, and asked me if I was raised by her for a spy. I took out the keys when she went down, and you might remember my giving them to you. It was the next day that she took the strong notion for me to go away, and I have studied and studied, and can't think of any thing I ever did to be sent away for, if that was not it, and I never told you of that then!"

There was such a whirling in the poor head of Grace, that she never knew what words she spoke to satisfy the German, or change the subject. There was clearly no theft of silver, and she was more than relieved when Dora refused to stay, and left the house before the return of the aunt and cousins, and the clergyman.

She went to her own room, and undressed for bed; and the headache reported by the mulatto chambermaid to the others, was real enough, for the fierce throb in the temples long defied her efforts to be calm and pray. She did remember the ride and the keys, for the deeds were there, and a prying chambermaid might have found her secret and her father's. That remembered day was followed by the caresses of the aunt and the plea for confidence, more than once repeated. Then the trip to Boston, the sail on the bay, and the sudden avowal of life-long love, the growing kindness of all the family, and the sanctioned engagement, with the lover's wish for speedy marriage.

It was all plain enough now. The memoranda told enough to link with the private talks and mysterious manner of Mr. Mann, and show her an heiress beyond all doubt, save what a visit to the New York records could remove; and John had been there, and Jonathan before him—at least, to the city at that time. Daylight came to red eyes and sick heart, uncomfited by slumber, and the little form would still be convulsed by a shudder at the thought—"My husband an infidel and a speculator on love—so strange and unnatural in all his manifestations of affection!"—and then the prayer of agony—"O God! save me!"

When she went down to dinner, her flow of spirits was more than natural, and Irene was seriously annoyed that her betrothed cousin avoided her brother, and was in the way of the flirtation with our young parson.

The visit of Richard Vane was this time to last a week, and every day there was a riding-party up some of the mountain-roads.

The main turnpike or toll-road passed over a spur of the mountain, and then wound down, in the same zigzag as the ascent, to a deep gorge, down which foamed in greater volume the same stream which flowed down the valley toward the mouth of the cañon. Here the road found the gorge wide enough for a shelf-like bank on one side or the other, and ran for some miles between the mountains, on this side or on that, as the capricious stream varied its course. The steep mountains narrowed the heavens to a blue belt above, and, beneath the great gray rocks and towering chestnuts, it was the delight of our friends to ride—dashing through the rapid fords of the stream, and eating the luncheon by some fairy spring, cold as the heart of

the granite. On the last day but one that Mr. Vane was to stay, a little picnic was planned, to be enjoyed at the farthest of the fords and five miles from any house. The minister and Grace won the honors of equestrianism, galloping along precipitous ledges where the queenly Irene trembled for her life, and John Wilde for his horses. It was a still day, very warm for the season, and the negro predictions of a storm were laughed at. But in the midst of the enjoyment, as John in the wildest of spirits drank a toast to Nature, that dread power responded by the first mutterings of her storms. Beneath the almost perpendicular mountain, and the thick trees, the mustering of the black cloud-squadrons had been unnoticed, and the first warning was a dash of rain that suggested seeking for a cave, to the two gentlemen, and wishing for wrappings and umbrellas to the ladies. An over-leaning rock was found, with marks of wagoners' camp-fires to show its previous tenantry, and it proved an admirable, dry, and safe shelter from which to view that grandest of sights, a storm in the mountains. We shall not describe it, nor will he who has heard that thunder-drum of heaven beating time to the echoes of the eternal hills, or watched the spray of cascades created from every cliff or rocky barrier, or who has cowered as the lightning struck the giant pine on the crest, and filled the gorge with the rain of fiery splinters, ever attempt to paint in words what the hills and the heavens labor to produce.

The storm, commencing at noon, was not over until near night, and then the frequent fords of the stream, swollen to swimming depth in places, were exceedingly perilous. But Richard Vane knew the ground and led the way, and the spirits of all parties arose as all of the fords were passed save the last one, which was very swift and narrow, but not deep. It was reached at dusk, and they saw with terror that a raft or dam of driftwood and logs had formed in the only passable part, and the imprisoned water was dashing over this and raging through the dark ravine below.

John Wilde was flushed with the wine he had been almost the only one to drink, and at once proposed to urge the horses down the bank, and through the sharp rocks of the water-filled ravine. Mr. Vane looked and said, "It would be almost certain death to attempt it."

"But I am not going to stay in the woods all night, like an owl," said the other, "and I will attempt it."

"But the ladies could not go!"

"I will find a ford for them easy enough."

"If you insist, stay with them and let me try it, as I am accustomed to these places."

"Just like you, to take an easy glory when you know I would not give way!"

All remonstrance by his friend, or entreaty by his sister and cousin, was of no avail, and as he urged his tired but fiery animal down the steep bank, the young minister threw off his coat, and sprang down to the brink after him. With a splash, horse and rider were in the water and half-way across, when the forefeet of the quadruped slipped from a hidden rock near the surface, and, as he fell over on his side, the head of the rash rider struck another sharp ledge with a dull *thud*, heard above the roar of the torrent; and, instantly washed from his seat, he was swept away.

Quickly as this was done, the watching man on the bank had plunged in after him, while Irene shrieked, and Grace prayed.

For a while nothing more could be seen in the gathering gloom but the horse escaping, evidently injured, and limping up the other bank. Soon, however, a faint voice called far below, and Grace was the one to clamber down the rocks, and find Richard Vane dripping on the bank, and supporting the motionless form of his friend. One look at that great gap in his head was enough even in that dim light, and the finger on heart or pulse felt no throb. He was dead.

They two had to bear the body up to the road, for Irene had fainted where she was left.

It was midnight before Richard had cut a path with his knife through the thick brush of the mountain above, and nearly day before the horses were led over it, and the dead man carried by the strong mountaineer, and Irene led along its slippery margin by the steady hand of Grace.

Then the living man carried the dead before him on his horse, while those of the two women were followed by the lame animal.

As they at last descended the mountain-spur, and crossed the same stream, already much lessened in volume by the brief time, the white, scared look came to her face again, as Grace thought of who had

sat upon that old log beside her, and questioned the existence of a God. The thought would come to her,—Had he recognized Him and His providence now?

He at least had solved the mystery, if not the purpose and origin of death. What of the beyond?

The young Vane, with his left arm in a sling, from a sprain received that night, was gone to his flock and his three churches.

The dead man had sent to his Northern home for burial. The father, Jonathan Wilde, came to rent out the farm, and the three saddened women shadowed their Philadelphia home with black robes.

Irene had not made a captive of Mr. Vane, and Dora was seen no more.

Christmas was dull enough that year, with the hope and pride of the household gone, and the aunt seemed to look upon Grace with some such aversion as if she was the cause of his death. Jonathan Wilde had frequent talks with her, and seemed to delight in pointing out to her openings for the investment of capital, to which the ten thousand still in the hands of Mr. Mann would have been utterly inadequate.

In February of 1867 she read a notice that Rev. Richard Vane, of Georgia, had received a transfer to a metropolitan church near the famed *Avenue* of New York, and, as the churches North and South were still separated, the paper was particular to state that influential men who had known him at the university were the parties who had brought it about with some difficulty.

His salary was ample now, and he came to see her, and told of the beautiful brown-stone church, and the grand organ and sweet-voiced choir. When Mr. Mann came to see her, she returned to New York with him, and sat under the ministry of the backwoods preacher, who went with her the next day to visit her father's grave.

Among the early violets at the foot of the slab, he told his love, and found, when she leaned on his breast and told him all (all but the secret), that he had won a heart no other ever possessed.

We can know very little of the emotions of the dead, nor do we certainly know if they are concerned for the dear ones left behind. Yet—

"Tis a beautiful belief, that spirits of the dead
Come in the lonely hours of night to watch around our bed,"

and it is not unlikely that the father of Grace led her mother to some rift in the blue pavement of heaven, and said, "Our child has more than wealth—the riches of love!"

Before the June roses of 1867 had poured their sweets into the lap of summer, they were married from her Philadelphia home; and it was Uncle Jonathan Wilde who put the title-deeds to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of New York property into the hands of the astonished bridegroom, and said, "I have given you an heiress, sir!"

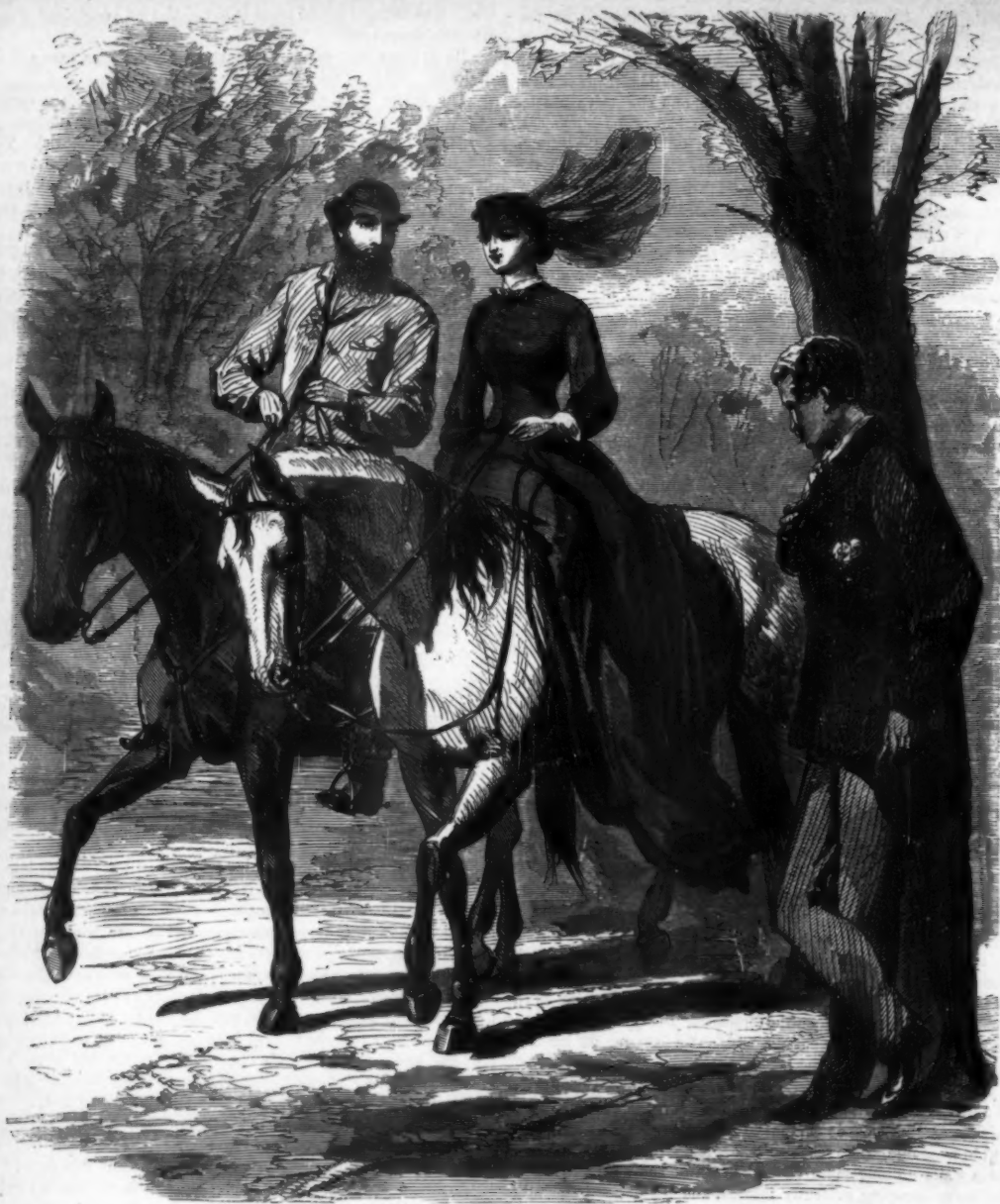
Mr. Mann was not so pompous when he accounted for the rents and the ten thousand. He only said, as he refused all compensation, "I am richer than you are, sir, and she was the child of my friend."

Grace says that she is kept from becoming vain of becoming Vane, by her husband, who insists upon changing her old name of Grace Dawson for that of the English heroine—*Grace Darling*. He generally gets it wrong, however, and calls her his Darling Grace.

The minister now owns the "Happy Valley," and, with his little wife, who is really blooming into beauty under the sun of love, will spend his summer vacations with his parents, who live there.

Our story, reader, has been of Love and Death, the twin rivals for the empire of life. But no one can tell so sweetly as Tennyson how love always wins:

"What time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight.
'You must begone,' said Death, 'these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is thine;
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So, in the light of great eternity,
Life eminent, creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign forever, over all.'"



NO HOPE,

THEY rode together along the sand,
 Yellow and flat, and with never a spray
 Of flowery sweetness either hand,
 And into the woodland, and out of the day;
 But sunset, or sunrise, what cared they?

For never was silence captive took
 By trembles, tender as thrilled the leaves,
 When the moon, with her body bent to a crook
 Like a harvester when he binds his sheaves,
 Bound the day to the best of even.

And time was never such time of grace,
 As when, from his saffron and silver bed,
 One star that was got of the soft embrace
 Of the light and the darkness showed his head—
 You will guess by the picture what they said.

Ah, could you not have given one glance,
 Fair lady and fond, for his gentle sake,
 Whose life was narrowed up to a chance—
 The single chance that but you could make?
 Poor heart, dear heart, so young to break!

ALICE CARY.

THE POWER OF THE MIND TO RESIST KNOWLEDGE.

IGNORANCE is a very favorite topic; we charge ourselves, our friends, our enemies with it, as a ready and stereotyped accusation; but it may be doubted whether it is attributed as often as it ought to be to the mind's active energies. Not only should all of us know more if we learned more—if we applied our minds more sedulously, if we conquered our indolence, if we roused our dormant powers—but we should know indefinitely more if we did not treat knowledge as an enemy, if we did not sedulously resist its inroads. The power of the human mind to resist knowledge is not duly considered in treating the subject. We are so used to the result, that we do not sufficiently note the cause. As regards a good deal of the ignorance that is in and about us, the difficulty is to discover how men contrive not to know; and we observe that a very resolute will must have been at work. We do not see that any effort whatever would have been needed to take in certain ideas. An ordinarily intelligent mind that was not preoccupied could not help receiving them—as, for instance, the forms and qualities of objects continually before our eyes, or simple facts stated within our hearing; rather, the effort must have been applied to shut them out, to prevent thought and reason exercising themselves upon them. We often fail to do justice to our own cleverness. In fact, men and women can always learn what they honestly want to know—what they want to know in preference to other indulgences.

All people receive willingly congenial knowledge; what they reject is either that which finds no place for its reception, or that which is unwelcome at the time from the mind's being otherwise occupied, whether by another train of thought or in the agreeable pursuit of fancy. We do not, of course, mean imagination at work in any laborious sense, but a devious, aimless self-abandonment to every suggestion that comes uppermost. Minds given to reverie are not passively, but actively, averse to knowledge; any thing that interferes with the promptings of the moment, that arrests thought, that lays some force upon inclination, is repulsed instinctively as an enemy. It is astonishing how this enmity to ideas grows with indulgence, till it is next to impossible to find a place for facts, opinions, thoughts, or speculation in any sense that demands the faintest effort—in a word, for whatever threatens to arrest the trampety procession of vague images. In such a state of the faculties nothing interests a man that has not some personal relation; nothing can be received that is new or so far abstract that it cannot be turned on the spot into a question of self. Of course, an all-absorbing pursuit may possess the mind like reverie. No one can do great things in science or art without his mind being occupied to the forcible exclusion of uncongenial knowledge. But laziness and folly have more abstractions than thought and genius, and hug their incubations with a more resolute clutch. The man who is pleasantly engaged on the oft-conned problem of how to keep a horse, or when and where he is to make his first speech, or otherwise show himself a fine fellow, or in planning schemes of amusement, or reckoning up his expenses and means of defraying them, or his chances of an inheritance, is quite as steadily opposed to a bit of information that has no relation to any of these questions as if it sought to thrust itself into the midst of profounder speculations.

It is easy to perceive that to some young people the whole world of thought is a blank, that it excites in them feelings of positive repulsion and abhorrence; and, if this be so in youth, there is little chance that mere growth in years will bring about any change that shall effect a reconciliation. If men are to think to any purpose, they must learn to think when young. But, we repeat, it is not native power that is wanting. Take the girl whose head is full of dress, and who is always contriving how to set herself off to what she thinks the best advantage. So long as this taste is ministered to, her attention is alive, her apprehension is quick, her fancy suggestive. She is clever, receptive, laborious. She can take in the most complex description, she can picture to herself the most elaborate effects. She is imbibing new ideas every moment; she is apt, open, liberal, industrious; she is in the state to learn a science or a language, chronology or chemistry. What she is doing is only less difficult than graver studies because it is more congenial. To detect real from false, to appraise a fabric to a nicety, to take in at a glance a thousand details, are feats of the intellect not less remarkable in their nature than those

of the naturalist who knows the note and flight of birds, and the habits of insects. Set him upon the young girl's pursuits which are her pastime, and he will be as unteachable and reluctant as she will probably show herself toward his studies; and for the same reason—unteachable because reluctant. It is the wish to know, not the power to learn, which is the desideratum.

There can be no more irksome task to many minds than to address themselves to subjects which require from them some accuracy of information. This is one of the reasons why questions are often so intolerable. They awaken people to the fact that they know nothing; which matters little so long as they themselves are the only losers, for if they know nothing it is because they preferred to know nothing; but it is a bore to be expected to know, and exposure is always a nuisance. Many persons who travel guard themselves jealously against the acquisition of new ideas; they are so tiring; they seem to stretch the mind hither and thither out of all its bearings. "Oh for a shop-window!" they seem to cry, in the midst of museums and galleries, "for something familiar, some link between myself and what I see." Everybody knows this feeling more or less; it is a revolt against new knowledge, a taking refuge in our weaker selves, which is perfectly justifiable in its degree. Certainly inquiring minds are apt to be bores; people that will pursue and get to the bottom of subjects are great disturbers of the peace, unless this curiosity on their part is qualified by more sympathy than commonly belongs to it. It is well to tell children, "Never submit to be ignorant when you have knowledge at your elbow;" but it is an axiom which requires modification in general society, where, as we have said, few persons are ignorant in an exceptional degree unless because they like it. These persons ought to know that most people like to think as little as they are compelled to think; that to fix or nail the mind on a subject is utterly alien to many an intelligence which is bright and active enough in its own groove; and they should be tender in obtruding their useful, instructive, and important topics upon reluctant yet ashamed ears. As zealous, restless inquirers after truth, they may, with Locke, consider it a fair question how far these enemies of learning are, in knowledge and intellectual faculties, superior to a cockle or an oyster; but they should spare the feelings of their weaker fellow-creatures. The reception which we are all too prone to give to knowledge thrust upon us is that which a party of gossips might give to the invasion of a charitable or literary deputation. The people may be worthy folks in their way, their talk full of information or of utility to their neighbors; but what an interruption! and how willingly do the invaded see them depart, that they may relapse and unbend on the instant into the familiar trivialities!

It is a sufficient reason to a great many people not to acquire new ideas, that they are new. "I know nothing about that" means, "I am steadfastly resolved never to know any thing about it." Even where their interests are involved, the strangeness and horror of novelty carry the day. A mother, for example, has a son at school or college, yet the whole phraseology of school and college life remains to the end mere Greek to her. Little-go, moderations, class lists, and what not, her mind is a chaos to them all; and because women do not play cricket, just as they do not yet go to college, the rules and machinery of that game are in like manner unattainable by the female mind. As an instance of feminine power to resist knowledge, we were struck the other day by a description of a High-Church parson in *Good Words*, betraying an ignorance which we must regard as the more signal and remarkable considering the amount of dignified clerical teaching brought to bear on that favored periodical. The lady draws the portrait of the Rev. Tobias Choake, who fasted on Fridays and *Saints' days*, advocated auricular confession, and was suspected of wearing a hair-shirt. This lady has lived through Oxford, Anglican, and Ritualistic movements to no better purpose than actually to suppose that the leaders of these parties regard *Saints' days* not as *feasts* but *fasts*—a case of scarcely less singular deadness to importunate knowledge in one line than was that quoted by Southey of the Liverpool merchant in another, who wrote to his bookseller for Milton's, Shakespeare's and Dryden's works, and if any of those fellows wrote any thing new, he was to send it as it came out. In both cases alike it is impossible that the truth should not have often enough sued for admission at eye and ear, only it was let slip at the time as being without interest to the non-recipient.

Many persons have the faculty of refusing and rejecting all knowledge that goes against their prejudices or inclinations. It is perfectly

useless to enlighten them; they prefer a fog, and have a chemical faculty which reproduces it after every attempt to clear it away. Thus Dr. Manning has asserted that the Church of England cannot be what she claims to be, because there is so much infidelity among the English laity—an argument that requires him to ignore the fact of infidelity in France, Spain, and Italy. The policy of non-admissions generally which belongs to his school is based upon this chosen and wilful ignorance. We may perceive indeed how very valuable this power of rejecting knowledge must be to all who have a strong line to take, and a theory to inculcate. Lacordaire, advocating the restoration of the monastic orders, quotes a saying of Napoleon that he did not fear the Spaniards because "It is a nation fashioned by monks; and all monks are cowards." "And at the foot of the Pyrenees," cries the preacher, "he found Christians formed by monks; and his warriors, who used to say that from the Pyrenees to the Baltic they had met nothing but children, confessed, in language both military and energetic, that they were more than men, that it was a war of giants. Spain had the signal honor of being the primary cause of that man's ruin." It suited the orator not to know that, in so far as Spain caused Napoleon's ruin, it was by bringing him in contact with a nation *not* formed by monks; and Lacordaire was no doubt able really to exclude this fact from his consciousness. And even where no principle is involved, that inobsequance which is the reproach of commonplace ordinary sinners is the glory of some saints, of one of whom we are told that, after living in his cell some forty years, he was found in entire ignorance of its form, color, and furnishing.

There are, we suspect, in all minds desert places not capable of cultivation, where knowledge, fact, and inference will not grow. Certainly, in spite of all we have said, there is a respect felt for persons possessing any accurate knowledge which would be disproportioned but for this admission. But, allowing this, the marvel remains that so much of what it would seem easier to receive than to reject remains unknown. Perhaps a good time is coming when accuracy—without which knowledge does not deserve the name—will be a more common virtue than it is now. In the meanwhile it must be confessed that our preference for the society of one fellow-creature over another is not ruled by this scale, and that we have passed some of our liveliest hours with persons whom we would no more subject to any critical examination whatever—even on those subjects which are so familiar and within reach that it would seem an effort of ingenuity to be ignorant of them—than we would covet such an investigation for ourselves.

BEE-HUNTERS OF TIMOR.

THE bees' wax is an important and valuable product, formed by the wild bees (*Apis dorata*), which build huge honeycombs, suspended in the open air from the under side of the lofty branches of the highest trees. These are of a semicircular form, and often three or four feet in diameter. I once saw the natives take a bees' nest, and a very interesting sight it was. In the valley where I used to collect insects, I one day saw three or four Timorese men and boys under a high tree, and, looking up, saw on a very lofty horizontal branch three large bees' combs. The tree was straight and smooth-barked, and without a branch, till at seventy or eighty feet from the ground it gave out the limb which the bees had chosen for their home. As the men were evidently looking after the bees, I waited to watch their operations. One of them first produced a long piece of wood, apparently the stem of a small tree or creeper, which he had brought with him, and began splitting it through in several directions, which showed that it was very tough and stringy. He then wrapped it in palm-leaves, which were secured by twisting a slender creeper round them. He then fastened his cloth tightly round his loins, and producing another cloth wrapped it round his head, neck, and body, and tied it firmly round his neck, leaving his face, arms, and legs completely bare. Slung to his girdle he carried a long thin coil of cord; and while he had been making these preparations one of his companions had cut a strong creeper or bush-rope, eight or ten yards long, to one end of which the wood-torch was fastened, and lighted at the bottom, emitting a steady stream of smoke. Just above the torch a chopping-knife was fastened by a short cord.

The bee-hunter now took hold of the bush-rope just above the torch, and passed the other end round the trunk of the tree, holding

one end in each hand. Jerking it up the tree a little above his head, he set his foot against the trunk, and, leaning back, began walking up it. It was wonderful to see the skill with which he took advantage of the slightest irregularities of the bark or obliquity of the stem to aid his ascent, jerking the stiff creeper a few feet higher when he had found a firm hold for his bare foot. It almost made me giddy to look at him as he rapidly got up—thirty, forty, fifty feet above the ground; and I kept wondering how he could possibly mount the next few feet of straight smooth trunk. Still, however, he kept on with as much coolness and apparent certainty as if he were going up a ladder, till he got within ten or fifteen feet of the bees. Then he stopped a moment, and took care to swing the torch (which hung just at his feet) a little toward these dangerous insects, so as to send up the stream of smoke between him and them. Still going on, in a minute more he brought himself under the limb, and, in a manner quite unintelligible to me, seeing that both hands were occupied in supporting himself by the creeper, managed to get upon it.

By this time the bees began to be alarmed, and formed a dense buzzing swarm just over him, but he brought the torch up closer to him, and coolly brushed away those that settled on his arms or legs. Then, stretching himself along the limb, he crept toward the nearest comb, and swung the torch just under it. The moment the smoke touched it, its color changed in a most curious manner from black to white, the myriads of bees that had covered it flying off and forming a dense cloud above and around. The man then lay at full length along the limb, and brushed off the remaining bees with his hand, and then, drawing his knife, cut off the comb at one slice close to the tree, and, attaching the thin cord to it, let it down to his companions below. He was all this time enveloped in a crowd of angry bees, and how he bore their stings so coolly, and went on with his work at that giddy height so deliberately, was more than I could understand. The bees were evidently not stupefied by the smoke or driven away far by it, and it was impossible that the small stream from the torch could protect his whole body when at work. There were three other combs on the same tree, and all were successively taken, and furnished the whole party with a luscious feast of honey and young bees, as well as a valuable lot of wax.

After two of the combs had been let down, the bees became rather numerous below, flying about widely and stinging viciously. Several got about me, and I was soon stung, and had to run away, beating them off with my net and capturing them for specimens. Several of them followed me for at least half a mile, getting into my hair and persecuting me most pertinaciously, so that I was more astonished than ever at the immunity of the natives. I am inclined to think that slow and deliberate motion, and no attempt at escape, are perhaps the best safeguards. A bee settling on a passive native probably behaves as it would on a tree or other inanimate substance, which it does not attempt to sting. Still they must often suffer, but they are used to the pain, and learn to bear it impassively, as without doing so no man could be a bee-hunter.

FRENCH MORALS AND MANNERS.*

BY A ROVING AMERICAN.

"WHY, sir," says General Andrew Jackson Jenkins, of the New-York militia, standing in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel, and ejecting at the same time a quid from his left cheek, "these Frenchmen don't know what home means. They haven't got any, poor devils! They live on the boulevards, eat at the restaurants, and sleep in the garrets of their own houses, hiring the best apartments to Russians or Americans, who can afford to keep them. I'll tell you what—Paris is a fine-looking town; but it is like a shirt that's all frill."

"Aw, yes," languidly responds the Hon. Arthur Snobly, Attaché to H. B. M. Legation; "vewy cowweet. These poor beggars haven't even *the word* in their language. Madame tells you she is *chez elle*, when she invites you to call; and Monsieur gives you a *petit souper* at Vefour's. Never had my legs under a Frenchman's mahogany. Look at Jules and Anatole there,

* "M. de Camors," par Octave Feuillet. "La Comtesse de Chalis," par Ernest Feytaud. "Les Grandos Dames," par Arsène Houssaye.

flaming down the boulevard; after displaying themselves, they will sup on a cigarette, and sleep on the curb-stone. As to the women—"and the young Attaché pulls out his long whiskers, looks unutterable things, and relapses into silence.

Such is a fair average of the opinions entertained by roving Americans and Englishmen, as to the manners and morals of France at this epoch. Let us inquire if the estimate be a just one.

Although we boast of our independence of English opinions and English prejudices, yet in many material points we are servile copyists of the people, from whom we have drawn much of our blood, as well as our language and laws. Among other good old British prejudices, we have inherited their traditional estimate of the French people and of French society, and are as obstinately wedded to it, as though we were bound to look through John Bull's colored glasses, instead of using our own eyesight—sharp enough on all other occasions. Even the wit of Sydney Smith failed to disabuse the English mind of its deep-rooted prejudices against the Gaul, whom sturdy John Bull could not be brought to believe "a man and a brother," but a being only a few degrees removed from a monkey—a mixture, as Voltaire scoffingly defined him, "of tiger and ape." He also believes the Frenchman to be entirely devoid of natural instincts; and those domestic virtues which alone can make woman the true helpmeet of man. In fact, the popular belief in England, which has been adopted in America, ever has been, that there is *no home*, properly speaking, in France; and that their social life is rotten to the core, marriage being with them only the convenient cloak for license, and every Frenchman and woman disregarding the divine and human precepts which make it a solemn and binding sacrament.

A long residence among that people, and an intimate acquaintance with the social life of France for several years past, have convinced the writer of the injustice and the falsity of this opinion; for it may be broadly stated, that neither in England nor in America is the marriage-vow kept more inviolate, nor, in many respects, would the contrast of the relative social systems be flattering to France, were it fairly and properly instituted.

It may be said, that, as all good Americans "expect to go to Paris when they die," and as annual shoals of our countrymen pour into that bewitching city to take a bird's-eye view of their future paradise, our people have the opportunity of judging for themselves the state of society there, independently of all foreign opinion. But of the American visitors to Paris who fill the Grand Hôtel and the Hôtel du Louvre, and, guide-book in hand, take the public buildings and galleries by storm, crowd the theatres, and become familiar apparitions in the Bois de Boulogne, and even figure at the Tuileries balls, to which only five thousand invitations are issued, how many of them ever get even a glimpse of French society, or gain admission into a solitary French family on a familiar footing?

A man or woman may live in Paris for many years, and, unless peculiarly fortunate, or favored by extraneous circumstances, never get the *entrée* to the jealously-guarded French home, which is not open to all comers like an American, but is an inner shrine, most carefully guarded against intrusion. Hence, as the Prophet in his haste said, "All men are liars," so the roving American as rashly decides there is no social home-life in France, because he has never seen it, nor met those who have had the privilege denied to him. Finding his letters of introduction, which in England and America are always considered as "tickets for soup," giving admission to the family circle, do not answer the same purpose in France, and, meeting the person to whom they are addressed only at the opera, the restaurant, and the public promenades, the conclusion is arrived at that the domestic hearth is ever cold, the table never spread at home for the entertainment of friends, and that the modern Frenchman, like the old Greek, regards his house only

as a shelter, a place to sleep in, his enjoyment being all taken out of doors.

Without pausing, at this moment, to present the other side of the picture, and to sketch the inner life of the French family, as the writer has seen and known it, let us endeavor to trace some of the reasons for this belief, independently of the Anglo-Saxon prejudice we have taken at second hand.

Much of the responsibility of this false judgment taken by foreigners of French society must be visited on their own writers of fiction, who, in their eager desire to produce strong effects, have caricatured and defamed their own countrymen far worse than writers alien to them in land and language, thus strengthening the prejudices already existing, and aiding to confirm them. The spasmodic school of literature, which spawns its Braddons and its Ouidas, and smaller fry in shoals, in England and America, has its "tritons among the minnows" in France, and three of the most able and popular of these in their latest *chef-d'œuvres* give a most exaggerated and distorted idea of social life under the New Empire, which they all profess to paint from actual observation; for each and all of these writers give us only the morbid anatomy of the social body, never presenting us (except in one episode in the first named) even a glimpse of the healthy exercise of its functions.

It is as though the Anatomist should lead a child through the loathsome wards of a hospital, and, pointing out all the ills which flesh is heir to, and showing no healthy body, should tell him, "Such is life!" These moral Anatomists, confining their demonstrations to the unwholesome atmosphere of the most corrupt (if it be socially one of the highest spheres) of Parisian life, and revelling in the recital of its levities and crimes, its sins against God and human nature and all social laws, its license without limits save its own caprice, induce the outside world to believe that these fetid fungi alone, and no better fruit, are forced in the hot-beds of Parisian civilization. The French people themselves, whose thirst for strong sensations can only be slaked at such impure fountains, are partly to blame for this; for decidedly the most popular authors in France to-day are Octave Feuillet, Ernest Feydeau, and Arsène Houssaye, and within the last few months there seems to have been a kind of devil's race between the three, to see which could dip his brush in darker colors, and blacken most the fair fame of his countrymen and countrywomen. The trial commenced with the "Camors" of Feuillet, who had before that work gained his reputation as a writer of pastoral stories, in which the purity of the thought and of the characters was equal to that of the style. The critics "damned him with faint praise," as being a very pleasant and pretty writer, but lacking force—a painter of butterflies, in fact. This nettled the sensitive French nature of Feuillet, who felt within him the force and fire of the genius he undoubtedly possesses. To disprove the accusation, so galling to his vanity, that he could not descend into the depths or soar to the heights of human passion, he penned "Camors," a terrible libel on the man of the New Empire, and at the same time on French society; and the greater the truth, the greater the libel, even if his portraiture be true, of the small circle which buzzes and swarms around the throne, and its hallowed precincts. The surprise created by this feat was only equalled by the sensation it produced, and all Paris was enraptured by this tragedy—grim and terrible as any of Victor Hugo's—wrought by the hand which had before only woven garlands of flowers. One of the ablest of French critics, Emile Montaut, gave expression to this sentiment, in a critique upon the book in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he says:

"Quitting his doves, Octave Feuillet seeks diversion among the lions and tigers of the human soul, and comes off an easy conqueror from the terrible sport, without tension of sinews or straining of muscles, and without any barbaric shouts."

Yet is the tendency of this book not wholly evil, for remorse and retribution dog the footsteps, and finally hunt down to death through slow agonies, the splendid sinner whose

worldly success was so complete; and the story points the moral, that success in life alone will not command happiness, and that honor, without faith, is a broken reed to lean on, in the hour of strong temptation.

But the connection in which this work is referred to here, is in regard to the pictures it presents of French life, which he paints as entirely devoid of those small sweet daily blessings of unreserved affection and intimate intercourse which can alone endear man to his home.

The marriage-tie, in his eyes, is simply a form, a matter of convenience; if not openly disregarded, secretly broken, without scruple or shame—grinning dishonor seated on the hearthstone, and domestic treachery plotting by the fireside. Love is considered incompatible with legitimate affection by the perverted hearts of high-born lords and ladies; and, like the famous Duchesse of the old *régime*, the new ones all "sigh for sin even in a cooling draught," to "give it a relish." This is neither French nature nor Nature at all. Her works are all good and pure originally, even as Adam came from the hand of his Creator, and in France, as elsewhere, the soil and stain of sin is exceptional. Were it otherwise, they would be a race of monsters, not of men. As though to contrast the lurid splendor of the life of the great city, with its atmosphere stifling almost every virtuous impulse, with the calmer regions of rustic innocence, he transports his reader into the peaceful homes and pure air of the country, but only long enough to make the moral malaria of the former more poisonous to the senses, when he bears him back again into it, disgusted, yet fascinated in his own despite. The model man of the Empire, M. de "Camors" (in whom, it is supposed, the Duc de Morny is shadowed forth) is a moral monster; and yet, as Feuillet says, "a man nevertheless." But a man wholly exceptional, the type of a very small class, the hot-house fruit of a court, not an indigenous product—a creature such as was found in the profligate court of the *Grand Monarque*, or among the equally profligate courtiers of England's "Merry Monarch," knowing no law but his appetites, no soul but his senses. The vices and the demoralization engendered by a corrupt court are totally different from those bred in a democracy, though even the latter has had its Cleons in olden time, and created even meaner, baser, and dirtier things than Cleon nearer our own day, whom it might be injudicious to particularize.

Irritated by the intrusion of this piping shepherd from Arcadia upon their own domain, the rivals on that field sharpened their pens, and prepared for a new onslaught; and Ernest Feydeau first entered the field with "La Comtesse de Chalis," intended to depict the "woman of the Empire," as "Camors" represents the man. Of this book it is only necessary to say that Feydeau paints the woman of the Empire after the model of the vilest of those vile things—the modern Jezebels of Paris—and that the "Dame aux Camélias," apotheosized by the younger Dumas, is a lily of purity, contrasted with the high-born and high-bred lady he selects as the type of her class, whose morals are those of *Mabille*, and whose manners would not even pass muster at the *Château des Fleurs*. In this book the grossness of the thoughts is thinly veiled by the transparent elegance of the diction; yet there is no improper word, nor any coarse indecency in the descriptions. But the whole thing is intrinsically low and vile in conception and execution, without even the gloss of a moral to redeem it: without even the reprehension of actions and sentiments on the part of all the characters introduced, which are libellous, not only on womanhood, but on human nature as well. There is no redeeming character in "La Comtesse de Chalis," and, if she were the true type of French womanhood, then woe to France! woe to womanhood! and worse, woe to the men who spring from mothers such as she! This effort of Feydeau, to paint the woman of the Empire as a pendant to "Camors," did not have a similar success with the original. Strong as the French stomach may be, and tolerant as their canons of literary license are, "La Comtesse de Chalis"

was found "un peu trop fort," and, as Milton says of his devils, on tasting the Dead-sea fruit, was

"With sputtering noise rejected"

by the Parisian public. By no means discouraged by this want of success on the part of his fellow-knight in the cause of illegitimate romance, the veteran Arsène Houssaye sprang into the lists; and the last and strongest sensation of the day, in such circles as gloat over and greedily feast on garbage, is undoubtedly his "Grandes Dames de Paris," in which he professes to paint, not only one, but many types, both of the man and the woman of the New Empire; and the men and women thus drawn, if not creatures of the prurient imagination of the artist, evidently not created in the image of God, but of the devil! The works of Feuillet and of Feydeau, professing each to give a single portrait, were sketched on a single canvas—one short volume. The more ambitious Houssaye stretches his gallery over the ample space of four bulky volumes, with colored portraits of his heroines in the worst style of French art, illustrating his printed impurities. Of this book it is sufficient to say that "Don Juan" is biblical in comparison, and the adventures of the "Chevalier Faublas" a moral treatise! The cynicism, the brutality with which indecencies are paraded and animality made the leading impulse of both his court lords and ladies, entitle Arsène Houssaye to the title of the Caliban of French literature. How any man could calmly sit down, and not only pen but print such a farrago of indecencies, unredeemed by wit, humor, or likeness to real life anywhere, is a marvel only equalled by the fact, that such writing should be read and should be popular. This may be partly accounted for by the supposition that, as "Camors" was believed to be the portrait of a distinguished man, and the "Comtesse de Chalis" the outline of a notorious lady at the French court, so Arsène Houssaye's male and female characters were supposed to be kindred libels; hence the curiosity to see how he fluttered the feathers of a bevy of birds all at once. Besides this motive, there may be another. There is a large class in France which hates the court and every one connected with it, including the fashionable society, and its members will gloat over such pictures of the morals and manners of the aristocracy, just as our "Bowery boys" will spell out, with eager interest, those denunciations of the vicious banker in fine linen, by the virtuous apprentice in his shirt-sleeves, protecting female virtue from outrage, in the current stories of our popular *Weeklies*! There is an old proverb about the "birds which foul their own nest," and two out of three of the romancers we have named have wilfully and deliberately done this. The same reproach does not lie at the door of Octave Feuillet, for there are bright as well as dark colors on his canvas. Yet all have aided in confirming the popular impression abroad, as to the immorality of social life in France: and the looseness not only of the morals but of the manners of all classes, owing to the absence of those domestic habits, and the exercise of those virtues, which brighten the social circle, and make a paradise of home.

But one of these three romances has been translated and republished here, and that the least objectionable of them all—"Camors." It is to be hoped that we may be spared seeing "Les Grandes Dames" of Houssaye figuring in English dress on Broadway, where we have already more than enough of their erring sisters.

Space will not permit the continuation of this theme in the present paper, but, with the kind permission of all parties interested, the topic shall be resumed in a subsequent number, and an attempt made to prove, to the satisfaction of all unprejudiced minds, that the charming picture of "Life in a French Country-house," drawn by a female hand, is not an exceptional one; and that in France, as elsewhere, the Virtues as well as the Graces may be found to preside over happy homes, and sit by private hearthstones, even amidst the rush and roar, the strife and sin of its great cities.

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.

WHAT place shall be assigned to language in courses of study is one of the vexed questions of modern education. Are Latin and Greek indispensable? Shall one or two or half a dozen modern languages be learned? Is the acquisition of both the ancient and the modern tongues to be recommended, or shall both be neglected, and the student's attention confined to the study of his native speech? These are questions which must be variously answered in different circumstances, and the chief difficulty that has arisen, we apprehend, has grown out of the neglect of this consideration. The assumed necessity, that each institution of learning should have a definite curriculum or scheme of study, presupposes some fixed theory of study to which the curriculum is conformed; and, as each institution appeals to all classes of students, it is naturally committed to one scheme of study for all. But the principle is erroneous and the practice bad; while the increasing tendency to substitute elective courses of study for a uniform course shows that the unsoundness of the old proceeding is gradually becoming recognized. We shall consider this important subject in future numbers of the JOURNAL; our present business is with another aspect of it.

It being admitted that the study of languages—whether living or dead, one or many—is of great importance in education, the inquiry arises in regard to the best means of its acquisition. As respects this, we are at present without definite principles or a rational practice. While, on the one hand, there is no branch of education so given over to blind tradition and slavish routine, so, on the other, there is none which teems with such a multiplicity of new and conflicting "systems of teaching;" both evils being due to the want of any well-settled views of what is to be aimed at in the study of languages, and of the conditions upon which their successful acquisition depends. Nothing was, therefore, more needed in education than an exposition of the principles by which these studies should be guided. An attempt in this direction has lately been made, which well merits the attention of parents and teachers.

There appeared in London, in 1853, a work in two volumes, entitled, "Language as a Means of Mental Culture and International Communication," by O. Marcel. It was an original, advanced, and most important contribution to the philosophy of linguistic study. It is quoted as an authority by various writers on education, and we have heard several teachers acknowledge their indebtedness to it for guidance in the treatment of philological studies. But the subject was treated too elaborately for the best effect, and the work was too voluminous for general circulation. In the mean time the author has elaborated his ideas with greater precision, and has compressed them into a neat little volume, of 228 pages, entitled "The Study of Languages brought back to its True Principles." He has translated his own work into English, which is now before us, and nothing could better illustrate the truthfulness of his views than the quality of the performance he here offers us, in what is, to him, a foreign language. In the prefatory notice to the present edition, by an American friend who has superintended its passage through the press, it is observed: "The author is a French scholar of rare philosophical culture and linguistic accomplishments, who, for many years, has pursued the method in his own studies which he recommends to his readers. His success is brilliantly illustrated by the vigor and idiomatic purity which mark the composition of this volume. He handles the English language with the force and precision of a native writer; and often awakens an interest in his ideas by the simple beauty of his style. His little work is not a manual but a method; and is equally applicable to the different systems in which text-books have been written."

In his preliminary chapter on the order of linguistic study, M. Marcel divides the work of acquisition into two processes,

which he calls IMPRESSION and EXPRESSION. *Impression* of language is effected by the arts of hearing and reading; *Expression* of language involves the operations of speaking and writing, and the first named is, of course, prefatory to the last. In the spontaneous acquisition of language, as by children, the first step is to listen and learn to understand the spoken words, and the second is to learn to speak; the third step is to understand written language, and the fourth to write.

But, in the acquisition of a foreign language, the order is different. In the first instance, the passage of the learner is from ideas to the signs of ideas; in the second, it is from signs to signs—that is, from one language to another. The order of acquisition now becomes:

1. The art of reading, } IMPRESSION.
2. The art of hearing, }
3. The art of speaking, } EXPRESSION.
4. The art of writing, }

This order indicates the plan of the work; the four arts here enumerated being successively treated in four elaborate chapters. Without attempting here to reproduce Marcel's method, which would be unsatisfactory in a single article, we will confine ourselves to a few suggestions and extracts.

Respecting the time at which the study of language should be entered upon, this depends upon the method adopted. The spontaneous or natural method may be made available in early childhood, and this is, beyond doubt, the true course to be pursued. If the curiosity and imitation, which are so strong in young children, were brought into play for the acquisition of an extra language at the time they are learning the vernacular, it would be a vast mental economy.

"If an infant be spoken to in a foreign as frequently as in his native tongue, he will become equally familiar with both. He might, in this way, solely guided by nature, learn from the cradle two or three languages without confounding them, if brought into daily contact with persons who spoke them in his presence, as is frequently the case in the higher classes of society, in which children learn the use of several languages. They have governesses and servants of different countries, who always address them each in his own language."

But, in acquiring a new language by the comparative method, that is, by translating it into one already known, M. Marcel is of opinion that mistakes are often made by beginning too early:

"Before the age of twelve or thirteen, a child cannot learn a language from books by the aid of his own; the weakness of his understanding, his want of motives for study, and his reluctance for sedentary occupations, thwart the efforts of the master, who then employs more time in ascertaining whether his pupils have clearly understood him, and have learned their lessons, than he devotes to real teaching. This observation applies more particularly to classical studies; they are commenced too soon and commenced the wrong way. It cannot even be said, in favor of the early study of a foreign idiom, that it makes a deeper impression on the mind; out of a hundred persons who have studied a language by the comparative method before their twelfth year, ninety-nine have but a faint recollection of it a few years after they have left school. The incomplete knowledge which a young child possesses either of things or of his own language is, as well as the immaturity of his intellect, an impediment to his comprehending foreign authors."

As regards the age at which languages may be learned, it is remarked in another place:

"By following simple and natural processes in harmony with the end proposed, such as those we recommend, there can be no doubt that, in the maturity of reason, even at an advanced age, a person might, in six months, acquire what is useful in a living language, better than a boy of ten could do so in as many years, by the ordinary routine. The greatest linguists, from the Scaligers to Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith of Massachusetts, who is said to have learned above twenty languages, have nearly all acquired them in the maturity of life, and without masters, by following a method similar to the one we have sketched.

"Plutarch, who began the study of Latin late in life, made rapid progress, because, as he himself says, his knowledge of things enabled him to enter into the thought of the writers. Themistocles, also advanced in years, learned Persian so well in one year, says his biographer, that he used to converse with the King of Persia on state affairs better than the Persians themselves. Cato the Censor learned Greek in his old age, and knew it thoroughly. Alfieri began the study of that language at forty-eight, and attained a high reputation as a Hellenist. Sir William Jones had passed his thirtieth year when he began to learn Eastern languages, in which he is known to have been deeply versed. Ogilby, the English translator of Virgil and Homer, had been a dancing-master; he did not know a word of Latin at forty, nor of Greek at fifty-four. Maugard, a distinguished man of letters, became, after three months of study, a successful teacher of Italian and Spanish, which he had learned in his sixtieth year. The celebrated Dr. Johnson undertook, when seventy years of age, the study of Dutch, with a view to test his capability to learn: the success of the experiment fully satisfied him that the powers of his mind were still unimpaired. Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough, at the age of eighty-three, learned the Coptic language, in order to read the Coptic New Testament, which Dr. Wilkins had just published."

In the chapter on the "Art of Reading" the author observes:

"The mode of proceeding at the commencement should be nearly as follows: To devote exclusively to the translation of the first volumes all the time one has for study in the absence of the teacher, to go several times over the same passages for some weeks, to peruse every day the lesson of the day before, and gradually throw off dependence on the translation opposite. As the work becomes easier, more will be translated in a given time, and the learner will soon be able to dispense with auxiliary aids.

"Repetition is the grand principle on which depends the efficacy of the processes required for gaining a practical knowledge of a language. To impart to the intellectual powers a certain freedom of action, repetition is as necessary as exercise to the limbs. Six months of continuous application will lead to greater proficiency than twelve months of lessons with frequent interruptions. Habits of language can be created only by keeping the same words and phrases in rapid succession before the mind: the same number of impressions which, when closely following each other, produce a habit, would fail to do so, if separated by long intervals."

M. Marceol's motto in the study of languages is, "One thing at a time," or Macchiavelli's maxim, "Divide and conquer." In his chapter on the "Art of Hearing" he condemns the practice of attempting to acquire the signification and the pronunciation of words at the same time, and points out the mental disturbance which arises from the unequal action of the eye and ear:

"It is a great mistake to imagine that, in the study of a living language, the pronunciation should be taught first. It does not in any way facilitate the understanding of the written words; and, besides, a person may perfectly understand what he hears, without being able to pronounce correctly. In infancy we know the meaning of words long before we can utter them. In learning a foreign language we ought also to understand the spoken words before attempting to articulate them.

"To study simultaneously both the pronunciation and the signification of words at the beginning is incompatible with that law of our mental organization which forbids attention to be directed at the same time to several distinct things when new.

"In the course of the exercises in addition, the learners should forbear looking at what is read to them, that the ideas may be exclusively received through the articulate words, as when listening to a speaker. If a person familiar with the written language had his eyes fixed on the book while the instructor was reading, that organ, quicker than the ear and not easily controlled, would not always patiently accompany the reader word for word, but would outstrip the ear in apprehending the subject. Sometimes also a person less advanced will be slow in following the teacher, or will stop to consider the words which are not familiar to him; so that, in either case, the learner would be unmindful of what is read, and the idea would be apprehended through the eye, not through the ear.

"The learner also, occasionally perceiving letters which are not pronounced, would be apt to attribute his not hearing them to inattention or dulness of hearing on his part, and might still be inclined to introduce them in his pronunciation afterward. It is, therefore, better not to give the eye an opportunity of leading the ear astray. Besides, this dependence on the sight for understanding what is heard, incapacitates the ear for conversation, in which it can have no assistance from the eye."

CHILDHOOD IN MODERN LITERATURE.

THE dimpled darlings of our household, the little demities of the cradle, do not grace the ancient as they do our modern literature. They were often enough in the arms of Greek mothers, but seldom in the writings of Greek fathers. The frightened Trojan babe, scared by the dazzling helm and nodding crest of Hector, is a charming picture, but slight as the painter's glimpse of a cherub. The "Iliad" gives no studied picture of childhood—gives it no expression like that of modern poetry.

The child—the sanctity, freshness, and mystery of child-life—in literature, owes its advancement beyond the idea of a healthy little animal to the worship of the infant Jesus. In contemporary literature childhood is a special and individual presence, not an accidental and accessory one. It was a French poet who made the most touching verses about the sweet and simple and enchanting life of children. Victor Hugo's "Les Enfants" is the first book of poetry which exclusively celebrates childhood; and it is a charming and pathetic volume, full of music, of tenderness, of tears, of brightness, felicitously called "The Mother's Book." The heart of a robust and grand poet has softened and melted before the altar of domestic life; he sings the ministrations of children. The untroubled laughter, the fleeting tears, the sinless dreams and memories, the glowing and spotless aspect of childhood, like the faces of cherubs smiling from funeral tablets, crowd out all sombre and bitter recollections of life. He says of a child, sleeping on the maternal bed, that "when his rose-eyelid closes on the earth, it is opened to heaven." Nothing like Victor Hugo's book is to be met with anterior to our century, which has advanced childhood to the same place in literature that it held in religion and art. When the monsters vanished, the child appeared. The dragon, the hydra, and the dwarf, which exhaust the descriptive powers of the old poets and romancers, have given place to the untouched and all-promising and exquisite child.

The cradle is the only undisturbed throne to-day. "Philip my King" is undisputed monarch on the mother's breast.

A modern poet has expressed the sanctity of the power of childhood when he makes the chagrined and despairing lover utter, in his inconsolable anguish—

"Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast."

Miss Mulock's "Philip my King" is a beautiful expression of the royal grace and power of childhood. But, if less vivid as it is less of a portrait, more touching, because connected with the reflective and saddened spirit of the father, is Longfellow's poem of "Childhood."

The very flower of modern literature may be said to blossom in the sentiment inspired by childhood. That sentiment is not pagan nor heathen; it is preëminently Christian. And what children it has consecrated in our memory! "Mignon," the unique, the studied, the profoundly-suggestive, and strange creation of the great Goethe—a truly "mysterious child; the daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion, and despair; she is of the earth, but not earthly." In our own literature we have "Pearl" and "Pansy," the creation of a poet, Hawthorne; we have "Topsy" and "Eva," the creation of a homely but dramatic genius, H. B. Stowe. And, in the children of Hawthorne's romances, what capricious and exquisite life! What contrast! What rainbow-tints opposed to the fixed and sombre

destiny of the unhappy mother! What delicacy of color; what play of sentiment. What charm, as of pearly dew-drops! What cooling freshness, as of their lucid beauty! These figures of childhood are special to our literature.

Sad like a mute household, grave like a senate-chamber, stormy like a mob, and gorgeous like a festival, are those pages of literature anterior to our modern epoch, which never show us the untroubled face, the glad glance, and the beautiful smile of childhood. The presence of childhood in our modern literature is beautiful like its dimpled hand on a white beard—something tender, soft, rosy, feeble, irresistible. Childhood in letters is like the blossomful branch in spring-time—fragile beauty of texture and color laid on the rough limbs and over the grasping roots of sturdy life. The child is light and fresh and beautiful in letters as in life.

Long before our modern literature embodied much of the life of children, art had scattered its laughing and smoothly-curved images over the fronts of palaces, about altars, and in pictures. The first service of art was religious, and the Christian religion had devoted it to the cradle in Bethlehem. Where the child has not been, where its presence is not felt in literature, we have distressing and agitating writing; we have the wan splendor and misery of life laid before us, at best the triumph of power and passion. The child changes all that is sombre, and transmutes all that is tragic, into all that is hopeful. Childhood is the very flower of life: how could it be less than a joyous garland in letters for the stricken brow of thought? It is sad only when touched with our sadness, and cursed by our want. We can look into the blue eyes of children, and think of lakes; we look at their curly, careless heads, and are gladdened as by sunshine; at their cheeks, and are pleased as by the soft petals of flowers.

The literature of despair would have one ray of light if childhood appeared in it. What a relief to overtaxed sympathies is the presence of children in "Werther!" What gladness we have to see the shining, heedless heads of the little ones about "Charlotte!"

Children have been individualized in modern literature. The sculptors of the renaissance, as its painters, did not represent the individual. They generalized; the cherubs of the painters and sculptors are typical. The first child that inspires a profound and personal interest is Goethe's "Mignon;" it is subtly individualized. Less poetic, less imaginative, as creations, but closer to us, are Mrs. Stowe's "Topsy" and "Eva," George Eliott's "Maggie," and Charlotte Brontë's creation in "Vilette." Wordsworth's little girl in "We are Seven" is suggestive and touching; the simplicity and naive persistency of childhood were never more felicitously expressed. Aldrich's reputation as a poet was made by, and will probably rest upon, "Babie Bell," with its music and fancy and charm, and the perfumed and dainty and touching grace of which mixes with our very dreams of babyhood, and seems not less exquisite than the gift of its life.

It is worthy of remark, that authors, whose genius is fed by passion, have not given any place to childhood in their writings. Victor Hugo is the only exception. Neither in the works of Alfred de Musset, nor in George Sand, nor in Rousseau, nor in Burns, nor in Poe, do we find the figure of a child. Writers deficient in passion, but tender and contemplative, like Wordsworth, Longfellow, Whittier, and Hawthorne, or simply domestic, like Mrs. Stowe, have frequently given us portraits of children, and have expressed the beautiful fact and sentiment of their most personal life.

Hail to children! Their glad faces, their fleeting tears, their playfulness, have interested us more than "Tom Jones" or the "Red-Cross Knight." "Cosette" is almost as beautiful as "heavenly Una." Children! They rule the world. The mother and the child are the two sacred figures in our modern life and literature. We have no fair and fatal Venus, no Druid priestess, no white vestal, keeping the sacred fires of sanguinary

altars, but simply woman and child to enlist the enthusiasm of love. A blossomless bough, a fruitless tree, a nestless bush—these are not more dull and dead to the eye than a home without children. Literature not graced by them may be grave and grand, stormy and splendid; it may be tragic with passion like Byron, melancholy like Lamartine, lyric with love like De Musset, but it has nothing of the pure and tender spirit of the most beautiful pages consecrated to childhood.

THE OTTER, THE FISHERMAN'S ALLY.

THIS carnivorous quadruped conforms to the habits of his order by asking of the earth a place of shelter, but his sphere of action lies in the waters. The sea-otter is practically amphibious, and touches the seal in the transition between quadrupeds and the mammals of the ocean.

No animal series is complete without affiliation with neighboring series. While the carnivorous quadrupeds invade, by the bat tribes, the domain of air, they plunge into the waters by amphibia. The otter, like the seal, is piscivorous, naturally preferring the flesh of pike or carp to that of rabbit or lamb. It has affinities of character with the water-spaniel by its extreme docility, its playful affection, and in being an auxiliary of the sportsman, when the latter is intelligent enough to behold in it something more than a troublesome rival or even than a precious fur. The series of carnivorous hunters, in harmony with Nature's order, casts this genus into the domain of the waters where it works in fellowship with the cormorant, to the profit and pleasure of the Chinese fisherman. So in another sphere the falcon completes the pleasures of the chase, which it shares with the dog, the horse, and man. These social characteristics are far more important to be known and felt than are the anatomical points to be learned by dissecting the dead body of a beast. To the former, accordingly, we invite our readers' attention under the guidance of M. A. Toussenal, the great hunter-naturalist of our epoch. "I am disposed," says he, "to great indulgence toward my civilized fellow-creatures, because they are victims of their own ignorance in many things, but what I can hardly understand is their stupid indifference with regard to the otter. This animal was destined to hunt the waters and share the piscatory spoil with man, not to be itself hunted; and it should therefore rank among the beasts to be preserved. Men complain of the deficiency of fishing-dogs: the otter was given to console them; yet, instead of making this good-natured beast their ally in the chase of fish, they make an enemy of it—they set a price upon its skin."

Take a young otter from its mother's breast, be amiable with it, caress it as you pet your puppies, and it will soon come to cherish the same attachment for you as your spaniel; it will follow you everywhere, will grieve for your absence, will salute your return with little stampings of joy, and, when you have indoctrinated it with your opinions on the superiority of butcher's meat over fish, it will be converted to that faith. Request it then to seek for you in a neighboring river or pond a respectable fish, it will plunge headforemost and presently bring it to your feet. Take care, however, on such occasions, to influence its morals by a slice of beef or mutton, which it will not be indelicate to present to it in exchange for its booty. At Verdun-sur-Meuse, not long since, I saw an otter thus trained, who was the delight of his master and the admiration of all amateurs. The history of unfortunate Poland records the glory and the fate of an otter, the pet of King Casimir, whose wonderful craft long excited the envy of all the water-spaniels at court. A soldier, on guard at the palace, assassinated it one day, to make a muff of its skin for his sweetheart. Its royal master wept for it. The Swedish nobles also are recorded to have kept otters in their service, which would go, at a signal from the cook, catch fish, and bring it into the kitchen to be dressed for dinner. Audubon and Bachman say, that "young otters, raised by one

of them, became, in two or three days, as gentle as the pups of the domestic dog. They preferred milk and mush to either fish or meat of any kind, until they were several months old. On entering our study they would crawl into our lap, mount upon our table, and romp among our books and papers, often upsetting the inkstand."

The Chinese, whom we treat like a community of maggots, and who retort upon Europe the stigma of barbarism, are far more advanced than ourselves in the art of making use of beasts, and have for centuries completely domesticated the otter. These creatures are trained to fish in company, to attack, to pursue, to snap up and to deliver their game. This is a much more animated sport than line-fishing, and we may ask in behalf of the Chinese, however inferior to us in the arts of bombarding unresisting cities, and of poisoning foreign nations by compulsory commerce with narcotic drugs, whether the art of instructing intelligent beasts is not a higher and a better occupation.

The remarkable examples which the otter has given of his intelligence and docility whenever a fair trial has been made of these qualities, have not yet succeeded in opening the eyes of our poor fishermen, and they have declared upon him a war of extermination, instead of seeking to make use of his superior aptitudes. Then the otter, exasperated and forced to make reprisals, takes most lively pleasure in depopulating the ponds and streams. Some of them have been known, as if with the desire of raising the jealous fury of the fisherman to a white heat, to amuse themselves with strewing every night his favorite haunts with the bones of immense carps and other fishes.

One of the poacher's keenest enjoyments is to poach under the beard of the police and the public order, when he is protected against them by any barrier, a river for example. The otter, which has often chanced to witness this manœuvre, delights to imitate it. As it knows very nearly the range of a shot-gun, it likes to amuse itself by sitting on the bank at a respectable distance from the marksman. It breakfasts familiarly before him, rolls on the sand, and gambols provokingly. Some pretend to go to sleep at the noise of the firing.

There are otters also who have sworn eternal hatred to civilized institutions, and have decreed the penalty of death against any one amongst them who should betray the right of free fishery, by entering the service of man. And the tamed otters know so well the fate that awaits them in the society of their brothers and sisters of the Wilde, that you cannot make them put one paw before the other on days when they have wind, by sight, scent, or hearing, of a free member of their family.

The otter-chase is really an ambush; dogs, however, some-

times hunt it. It is also taken, without much trouble, in snares. It gives birth to five or six young in the spring, the little ones repaire to the water like young ducks, as soon as they have strength to walk. It earths itself under shaded banks, under rocks, or the roots of old trees. Audubon has found otters nestled in the hollow of a tree, on a bed of water-grasses, strings of inner bark, and other soft substances. The hole leading up into their nests is always burrowed under water. The otter plunges into snow as into water, when dogs pursue it, and when the river, its natural refuge, is frozen by a hard winter. Its rapid succession of sudden appearances and disappearances is certainly the most curious of all the manœuvres of the chase that I have ever witnessed. The favorite sport

of the otter, says Mr. Godman, is sliding. For this purpose, in winter, the highest ridge of snow is selected, to the top of which the otter scrambles, where, lying on the belly with the fore-feet bent backward, they give themselves an impulse with their hind-legs and swiftly glide head foremost down the slope, sometimes for twenty yards. This sport they continue apparently with the keenest enjoyment, until fatigue or hunger induces them to desist. Cartright, Hearne, Richardson, and Audubon confirm this observation.

Travellers, who have fished in China, relate having seen good otters, well trained, sold frequently at the price of four hundred dollars. Why have our fishermen and poachers never conceived the idea of establishing a primary school for the education of otters, as one has been started in the Pyrenees for the bears?

The statistics of the French otter-hunting show that an average of four thousand otters are annually destroyed in France. But this destruction is chiefly effected by snares

and ambushes, together with the help of the dog, which is thus *particeps criminis*.

All treatises on hunting, in French, English, Spanish, German, etc., expatiate in detail on the chase of the otter with dogs. It is hard, at first, to understand how a beast that does not leave the water can be hunted by dogs that do not leave the land, but this is better seen on the field of manœuvres. The otter must come often to the surface, and is pursued along small water-courses where the dogs can keep the banks. In Lorraine I have seen poor devils of otter-hunters travel twenty-four miles in chase of the same animal, and miss him at last or be overtaken by night. They caught, I'll warrant, more rheumatisms and pleurisies than bank-notes. At least three are needed for this villany—two men and one dog. The men are armed with long lances to thrust into every hole, while the successful dog requires uncommon courage, scent, and perseverance; and, as servants of this merit are not sold by the gross, it results that the true otter-chase has but few amateurs.



The American otter (*Lutra Canadensis*) inhabits our whole range of fresh waters, but is more frequently met between Chesapeake Bay and the Mexican Gulf. Audubon finds but one species, varying, with the climate, in its fur like the raccoon, the mink, or the rabbit. The sea-otter is nearly twice as big as his fresh-water cousin, and has the finest fur. It inhabits isles and deltas of the North Pacific coast of both continents, and used to abound near San Francisco.



J. W. Audubon saw one in the San Joaquin River, where the bulrushes grew thickly. It suddenly emerged upon a drift-log, a hundred yards above the party. On being shot at, it slid into the water and sank without a ripple, but after a minute raised its head and then began diving as after fish. It seemed as much at ease in the water as a grebe, and remained under the surface as long as a loon. After a second shot it appeared frightened, swam rapidly to the opposite shore, and disappeared in the rushes. "It seems," says Sir John Richardson, "to have more the manners of the seal than of the land-otter. It frequents rocks washed by the sea, resides mostly in the water, and is often seen very remote from the shore."

TABLE-TALK.

THERE has been some discussion about the title and subtitle of Victor Hugo's present romance, both in the original and the translation. The name of a work is a more important matter than the casual reader supposes. The French say it is the most important part of a work of fiction, especially a drama. The name of a French play, even an ordinary *soudeville*, is often changed three or four times, after consultations, numerous and serious, of the manager, the authors, and their friends. It is not altogether unamusing to note, in this connection, that minor authors (the great stars, we suppose, must

always be allowed to choose for themselves) are constantly disagreeing with their publishers about the titles of their works. To maintain that one side is invariably wrong in these differences of judgment, would be a rash generalization. Sometimes the author has good reason to complain. The late Henry P. Leland contributed to a magazine some very amusing sketches of artist-life in Italy, under the neat and appropriate title of "Macaroni and Canvas." When these were afterward collected into a volume, the publisher called the book "Americans at Rome," which was a threefold misnomer. The persons treated of were not Americans generally, but American artists; they were not Americans only, but artists from various countries; finally, they were not merely at Rome, for some of the sketches referred to other Italian localities. In this case we may suppose the publisher seduced by the word *American*. Publishers and editors have, or used to have, a weakness for the word *American*, as implying something grandiose, wide-reaching, and necessarily popular. A fugitive writer, at intervals of several years, contributed, to two English periodicals and an American paper, three series of what the French call *études*, all having titles with direct reference to their subjects. He was somewhat surprised and amused to note that the three editors, in different countries and at different times, all wished to change these titles for the same general one, "Sketches of American Society." On the other hand, a publisher's technical knowledge often saves an author from a title already appropriated, or likely to mislead, or objectionable on some other account. The writer of a treatise on government, published not long ago in this city, wished to give it a name which would have caused it to be mistaken for a novel. Thus far we have been proceeding on the supposition that the title of a literary work should have some connection with the subject; but the illustrious authority of Sir Walter Scott reminds us that there are two opinions about that matter. Scott instanced his "Ivanhoe" as a *perfect* title for a romance, because "it gave no hint of the story." A hypercritic might have joined issue with him, and contended that Ivanhoe, being the name of an English manor, suggested an English story. It would be possible even to refine on this point, and to argue that the name was not only suggestive, but misleading. Many titles of books have been misleading, some intentionally, some unintentionally. The "Purple Island" of Fletcher's old poem is the *human heart*. There is a quaint book of the last century called "Wanley's Wonders of the Little World." The *little world* is man, often styled by philosophers a *microcosm*, and the work is made up of stories, true and false, about the fortunes, virtues, sins, caprices, and deformities of various individuals and personages. In our own time we have "Ruskin on Sheepfolds," not agricultural, but architectural folds; and Miss Evans's "Mill on the Floss," which, appearing as it did just at the time of the Heenan and Sayers fight, was largely purchased by such of the pugilistic fraternity as could read, under the impression that it was a sporting novel. Indeed, this unlucky title gave rise to a double batch of mistakes, many booksellers supposing the "Mill" to be a proper name, whence it appeared in catalogues thus:

Mill on Liberty.
— on Political Economy.
— on the Floss.

The main title of Victor Hugo's present romance is, in some respects, a misleading one, as the reader will be able to see for himself by-and-by.

The gift of \$750,000 by Mr. Peabody, to erect suitable buildings for the poor of London, has been expended, and the trustees report completed accommodations for 1,971 persons, who are workmen of all kinds, with average wages of \$5.25 per week. The trustees state that, in the organization and management of these buildings, it has been their study to impose no restrictions on the entire freedom of action of any tenant, so far as is consistent with the comfort and convenience of all;

there are no rules which interfere in the slightest degree with their privacy or independence; all have uninterrupted ingress and egress at all hours, are as fully masters of their houses, and can live in as much seclusion and retirement, as if dwelling in any other building in the adjacent streets.

They state that the sanitary condition of the buildings shows an entire exemption from endemic diseases and from those complaints incident to low and crowded localities. Good ventilation and cleanliness are characteristic of the dwellings. An unlimited supply of water and bath-rooms free to every tenant, together with enclosed playgrounds for the children, have already produced a salutary effect, not only among the young, but perceptibly in the increased tidiness and cleanliness of the old.

The laborers are allowed the use of these privileges at the lowest possible rent, and much good will be done, not only by the immediate and direct relief which will be afforded, but by setting an example, on a conspicuous scale, of what can be done to help the working-classes. Mr. Peabody has subsequently added two donations of half a million dollars each, to erect lodging-houses in different parts of London.

The passers through Union Square, New York, on a bright March Sabbath, were amused by a performance, certainly not "down in the bills," which constitute the free picture-gallery of that part of the city. Two little girls were playing by one of the hard, backless benches which belong to the conventional discomforts of city-squares, and one of them, a little blooming four-year-old, was "laid out" on the bench. Her dress of crimson wool was spread over it, so as to extend around her like the leaves of a great rose of which she was the heart, and a gray shawl covered the plump ankles and simulated the winding-sheet. The fat little fingers overcame the difficulty of folding themselves, the wide-awake blue eyes consented to be shut, and the irrepressible mirth at the corners of the rosy mouth did its best to grow quiet into the sweet likeness of a marble sleep. Then the companion became the mourner, and the two children were playing dead.

Happy, holy childhood, so unstained and pure, that the grim terror of humanity is to them but as the sunshine and the flowers, and to whom the skeleton myth of our manhood becomes only a rosy plaything for babes! Is not Greenwood full of such children, who have only lain down there to look up soon on the sweet-faced angel of the resurrection, and laugh as they tell him they have been playing dead?

Of all the immigrants the Old World has sent us, none have a kindlier appreciation than the little English sparrows, now so numerous in all our parks and streets. We hear their gay chirp when we wake in the morning, and find them in our daily walks, if trees or green squares lie in our way, hopping in and out of our path, and making the city streets cheerful and pleasant with their happy twitterings. One may always pause, if in Union, Madison, or Washington Square, and watch their lively antics with genuine pleasure. They are so unmindful of your presence, that a wing will, at times, almost brush your face. They carry on all their affairs, heedless of the group of admirers that so often collect to observe them—sing their love-songs, choose their mates, build their nests, nurse their young, make their bath, and look like little incarnations of peace and happiness, without a thought or notice of the heart-sore crowds of men and women around them.

In Union Square, somebody, with more zeal than taste, has erected what he calls a "Sparrow Hotel." It is a big, elaborate structure, containing several hundred apartments for nests, painted and gilded to the highest possibility of gayety, and decorated to excess with eccentric ornaments. The sparrows, however, with delightful good taste, prefer the brown little boxes hid away among the leaves of shady trees, and only take

up their homes in the gay "hotel" when modest quarters cannot be found. It seems strange that our city authorities have not the power to prevent public grounds from being made an arena in which anybody may display his crude and vulgar tastes. The sparrows are delightful additions to our pleasure-grounds; may they multiply! but spare us, zealous friends, from these childish and vulgar devices, erected in the name of beauty, but which, in truth, are so detestably ugly!

The condition of the English work-people in mines and factories still forms a matter for official investigation and public discussion. The report of a Parliamentary committee, appointed for an inspection of factories, condemns the employment of women on pit-banks and in clay-mines, and draws a painful picture of the morals and manners of these workers. Their scanty dresses, the attitudes they are compelled to assume, the evil associations they form, "tend to an obscenity of language and manner which cannot be described." "A woman," the report goes on to say, "could hardly work in these yards, bespattered with clay, and a witness to the most brutalizing examples, while she had any purity of moral sense. But, driven as a child from home by the spendthrift sensuality of parental greed, she is early initiated to a most degraded condition of life, and, day by day covered with the dirt of her occupation, no wonder she delights in every thing which adds to her material indulgences, and becomes the pariah she is."

The *London Student*, established recently under the management of a corps of able professors, died before it was six months old; and now the *Museum*, for some years the leading English educational monthly, announces its own demise with the last issue.

Why is this? and why is it that our own educational journals drag out their existence at such a "poor dying rate," that the presumptions are constantly against their continuance, while many of them can only maintain the breath of life by voluntary subsidies or State aid? It is not because the subject is uninteresting, for there is to-day, to the very borders of civilization, a deeper concern in educational questions than the world has ever before witnessed. It is not because the subject is exhausted; for, when taken up by bold and independent minds, new aspects of it are constantly presented, which arrest universal attention and command the public sympathy. The reason is, that educational journals are professional, and therefore appeal to a narrow constituency. They are not designed for the general public, and therefore do not reach it. Pedagogical in spirit, dealing with the technicalities of instruction, and squabbling interminably over petty questions of school-room detail, they are absorbed in matters which pertain specially to teachers, and the public consequently cares little about them. Another reason for this public neglect is, that there is a wide-spread instinctive feeling that what now passes under the name of education, and the claims of which are so loudly vaunted, is very far from being the thing which this age requires. There is a chaos of views and a conflict of systems which indicate a period of profound transition. There is a distrust of our inherited methods, and a hope of something better; and, as teachers are generally the salaried dependants of an existing system, they are tacitly regarded, whether justly or not, as its defenders, and their literature as belonging to the past rather than to the present or the future.

No doubt, teachers must have their own journals devoted to their class interests, but, with reference to education as a public concernment, the people will look to the public press for discussion and enlightenment. The truth is, education has a relation to the general welfare of society, and to other public questions, so intimate and vital as to forbid its divorce from them in popular thought. Hence journals exclusively educational are very little cared for.

The fifth number of APPLETON'S JOURNAL will be accompanied by a cartoon, the same size as the one presented with the first number, giving a view of the Levee at New Orleans, a scene conceded to be one of the most varied and bustling of any in America.

Literary and Scientific Notes.

THE *London Examiner* gives a lengthy and very appreciative review of Mr. F. O. C. Darley's "Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil." This charming little volume, in which Mr. Darley first appears as an author, gives one of the most graphic pictures of European life the press has recently produced. The *Examiner* says of it: "We wish it were in our power to communicate in some way the interest with which these admirable sketches may be said to inspire the book, but it would be useless to attempt a description of them; we can only say they are numerous and varied, always spirited and piquant. We strongly recommend our readers to procure the book. We have dwelt chiefly on the art-criticism, because we felt that that was our author's strongest point, where we found the most original ideas; but the little volume is full of the pleasant experiences of travel. It is written with the buoyant spirit of a man who is enjoying himself thoroughly, with the discrimination of one who can duly appreciate the treasures, the antiquities, or the novelties that are shown to him."

The bee-fanciers of Germany have had a convention at Darmstadt. The German *Bee Journal* says, that when the celebrated bee-masters arrived at the Darmstadt station, although they had never met before, yet recognizing each other by long photographic familiarity, they rushed into each other's arms and embraced, kissed, and squeezed hands with a sentiment and enthusiasm which is rarely manifested outside of Germany. Professor Leuckart gave an interesting discourse on social insects: bees, humble-bees, insects, and wasps. In the course of his remarks he made a curious calculation on the productiveness of the queen-bee. The queen-wasp, he observed, having, when she first begins her nest, not only to lay eggs, but also to feed the brood, can at first lay but sparingly. When the first workers are hatched, they begin to help her in building cells, as well as in feeding the brood, and her fertility is thus developed apace. In the case of the honey-bee, however, there being more or less workers in the hive the year through, the queen is able to devote herself more entirely to laying eggs, and the stronger the hive the more her fertility is stimulated. Thus, in good hives, he reckoned that queens, weighing 100 grains, would produce, in a year, 18,000 grains of eggs, or 180 times their own weight. Now, a hen, he reckons, produces only five times its own weight; so that, for a hen to equal the productiveness of the queen-bee, she must lay twenty eggs a day throughout the year, while the woman, to be equal, must have three or four children a day! Such is the effect of the division of labor, which is carried to such an extent in the hive, that the queen is exclusively an egg-laying machine.

Dzierzon stated that he attributed the size of the queens to the more or less plentiful supply of pollen in bee-bread furnished to the larvae. Should the bees, at the season when the grubs of the queens have to be fed, be too much occupied in collecting honey, the queens are apt to be born of smaller size than usual.

The question arose at what age bees first fly from the hive, and when they become honey-carriers. Von Berlepsch had fixed sixteen days from the birth of the bee as the period when she first begins to carry honey, making thirty-five or thirty-six from the laying of the egg. Dzierzon was inclined to think that this depended on temperature, season, and other circumstances. For instance, he considered, that if, by changing the place of a hive, it had been deprived of most of its carrier-bees, the young bees would be found to fly out to pasture at a week old.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, has given us a second volume of Western travel, which is fully as agreeable and instructive as his first. The title of the volume just issued is, "A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado." It carries the reader over the track of the Union Pacific Railway, and sets before him succinctly and clearly all the great features and statistics of that important region of country. The growth of the mineral interests of Colorado Mr. Bowles considers almost without limit. The mountains, he declares, are full of ores holding fifteen to forty dollars' worth of the metals per ton.

After doing it many times before, Oxford has again beaten Cambridge in the rowing-match. The *Pull-Mell Gazette* says that this is due to the fact that Oxford has a quick stroke of the oars, and Cambridge a slow stroke. By quicker, it refers to the time the oar-blade is in the water, not to the frequency of the stroke. The object in rowing is to produce

motion; not motion of the water, but motion of the boat; and, as the rower's force is a fixed quantity, all that he expends to produce movement of the water is so much deducted from the motion of the boat. Oxford, with its short, quick stroke, moves little or no water aft, the oar pressing as a lever against an almost fixed fulcrum; while Cambridge, with its long, slow stroke against a yielding fulcrum, moves a considerable quantity of water aft, which is so much taken from the propulsion of the boat. Oxford wins by striking its oar against the water, and withdrawing it before the water takes up its motion. Oxford moves the most boat, Cambridge the most water.

It is often said that insanity is on the increase with the growth of civilization, and the statement has been as often denied. The last elaborate statistical investigation of the subject is by Dr. Lockhart Robinson, an eminent alienist of England, who denies the alleged increasing tendency. He does not question that there are more insane persons now than formerly, in proportion to the population, but says that this higher ratio is due to the fact that, from better care and treatment, they live longer than they did, and therefore accumulate. Dr. Robinson read his paper before the Medico-Psychological Association, by whom it was generally concurred in.

Miss Martineau's "Biographical Sketches" have been reprinted in this country, by Leypold & Holt, in a very neat and pleasant-looking volume. These sketches were first published in the *London News*, and include biographies of eminent persons, in all walks of life, who have passed away since 1852. They are thoroughly readable papers, are marked by admirable analysis of character, are written with great felicity and care, and must be considered valuable contributions to our biographical literature.

The old readers of "Arnott's Physics," a book of science admirable in its time, will be glad to learn that the venerable Doctor still retains his interest in scientific education, and puts forth active efforts for its promotion. He has lately given ten thousand dollars to the University of London, the interest of which is to be bestowed as a reward for special proficiency in experimental physics.

A novelty in journalism is about to be issued in Jena, under the management of Professor Hallier. It will be devoted to the subject of vegetable and animal parasites, and is to be called the *Journal of Parasitology*. It will appear once every two months, and its communications are to be printed in the language of the author, so that French, English, Italian, and German papers may be expected in every number.

Accurate observations of the time of the transit of Venus across the sun's disk are of great importance in astronomy. This event occurs but twice in a century, and will next take place in 1882. The observations, to be of most use, must be taken near the high latitudes of the South Pole, which are difficult of access; while a winter's residence, for example, on the shores of South Victoria, would be a hazardous and terrible experience. Men of science are, nevertheless, already moving in the matter. The Royal Geographical Society of England has taken it up, and is determined to be in time in pressing upon Government the duty of sending an expedition to the Antarctic coast in 1882. It is agreed that a certain amount of training will be required of the officers and men to be sent, and, to make the enterprise a successful one, it is thought that thirteen years is none too little time for adequate preparation.

The starting-point of organic constructions is the chemistry of the leaf, by which carbonic acid is decomposed and oxygen set free. This effect has been supposed to take place only under the influence of light, but the conditions are not so clearly defined as to make further research unnecessary.

M. Bousingalt, of France, has made this subject a matter of investigation, and has lately presented the results of a new series of studies upon it. His question was, Does decomposition of carbonic acid, by leaves, take place in diffused light? If once commenced, does it go on in darkness? His mode of inquiry was based upon the fact that phosphorus does not shine in an atmosphere of carbonic acid, but becomes fluorescent as soon as a little oxygen is mixed with it. Having ascertained that phosphorus is not hurtful to plant when placed near them, he put leaves of laurel in a vase of carbonic acid, containing also phosphorus, and exposed it to the sun. Oxygen being liberated, the phosphorus becomes fluorescent. When the vase is placed in darkness, the fluorescence ceases, after a varying number of seconds, and lasts the longer the smaller the surface exposed by the phosphorus. This arises from the phosphorus requiring a certain time to absorb all the oxygen engendered in the last moments of exposure. With a sufficient surface of phosphorus the fluorescence ceases instantaneously, from which it is inferred that the process of liberating oxygen does not go on in the dark, but only when subjected to the motive force of light.

Researches on the solar atmosphere have been carried on by Frankland and Lockyer, of London. They have lately forwarded a letter to the French Academy on the "Constitution of the Sun," in which they admit of but a single solar atmosphere, and believe that its density is inferior to that of the terrestrial atmosphere. They explain this by the pressure being less. What else was contained in the communication, M. Dumas was unable say, as he could not make out Professor Frankland's handwriting. It is to be feared that Frankland has gone so deeply into the new chemical symbolism, that it has demoralized his chirography.

The Museum.

THE ingenuity of private enterprise in baffling governmental taxation upon trade is inexhaustible. At one period a great deal of lace was smuggled into France, from Belgium, by means of dogs trained for the purpose. A dog was caressed and petted at home, fed on the fat of the land, thence, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half starved, and ill treated. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body, and the intervening space filled with lace. The dog was then allowed to escape, and make his way home, where he was kindly welcomed with his contraband charge. The custom-house officials, at length getting scent of the practice, made an exterminating war upon the dogs; and, by offering a bounty of three francs apiece for their destruction, they got rid of 49,278 dogs from 1820 to 1836.

Perhaps one of the most delicious pieces of diplomatic affectation on record is the letter of introduction given by the Spanish sovereigns to Columbus, to be delivered to the potentates of the world he was going to discover. It runs as follows:

FERDINAND and ISABELLA to KING ———:

The sovereigns have heard that he and his subjects entertain great love for them and for Spain. They are, moreover, informed that he and his subjects very much wish to hear news from Spain, and send, therefore, their admiral, Ch. Columbus, who will tell them that they are in good health and perfect prosperity.

GRANADA, April 30, 1492.

The persecution of Quakers was not confined to New England; the old Virginia tobacco-planters were equally hostile to them. In a law of 1663 we find it enacted: "Every master of a ship, or vessel, that shall bring in any Quakers to reside here, after the first of July next, shall be fined five thousand pounds of tobacco." Again: "Any person inhabiting this country, and entertaining any Quaker in or near his house, to preach or teach, shall, for every time of such entertainment, be fined five thousand pounds of tobacco."

A singular custom prevails among the ancient families of Bretagne: a bride wears her lace-adorned dress but twice, once on her wedding-day, and only again at her death, when the corpse lies in state for a few hours before it is placed in the coffin. After the marriage ceremony the bride carefully folds away her dress in linen of the finest homespun, intended for her winding-sheet, and each year, on the anniversary of the wedding-day, fresh sprigs of lavender and rosemary are laid upon it until the day of mourning comes, when the white marriage-garment

leaves its resting-place, once more to deck the lifeless form of her who wore it in the hour of joy and hope.

Three hundred and twenty-five years have now elapsed since one of the earliest introductions to botany upon record was published in four pages, folio, by Leonhart Fuchs, a learned physician of Tubingen. At that period botany was nothing more than the art of distinguishing one plant from another, and of remembering the medical qualities, sometimes real, but more frequently imaginary, which experience, or error, or superstitious, had ascribed to them. Little was known of vegetable physiology, nothing of vegetable anatomy, and even the art of arranging species systematically was still to be discovered. Botany was merely the gathering of herbs.—Dr. Lindley.

In Japan the bridegroom purchases his wife of the bride's parents, and is supposed not to have seen her till they meet at the hymeneal altar. The religious ceremony of marriage takes place in a temple. The pair, after listening to a lengthy harangue from one of the attendant priests, approach the holy altar, where large tapers are presented to them. The bride, instructed by the priest, lights her taper at the sacred censor, and the bridegroom, igniting his from hers, allows the two flames to combine and burn steadily together, thus symbolizing the perfect unity of the marriage state, and this completes the ceremony.

The art of starching, though known to the manufacturers of Flanders, did not reach England till 1564, when Queen Elizabeth first set up a coach. Her coachman, named Baerman, was a Dutchman; his wife understood the art of starching, a secret she seems exclusively to have possessed, and of which the queen availed herself.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 4, APRIL 24, 1869.

	PAGE
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND. By Victor Hugo.....	97
SPRING FLOWERS.....	106
GRACE DAWSON. By Henry Cleveland.....	106
NO HOPE. By Alice Cary.....	113
THE POWER OF THE MIND TO RESIST KNOWLEDGE. (Saturday Review.).....	113
BEE-HUNTERS OF TIMOR. (Wallace's "Travels in the Malay Archipelago.").....	114
FRENCH MORALS AND MANNERS.....	114
THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.....	117
CHILDHOOD IN MODERN LITERATURE. By Eugene Benson.....	118
THE OTTER THE FISHERMAN'S ALLY. By M. L. Edgeworth.....	119
TABLE-TALK.....	121
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NOTES.....	123
THE MUSEUM.....	124
ART SUPPLEMENT.....	New York Illustrated.

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